

1994


WARREN  
MAGAZINE  
OCT. 1981

PROVOCATIVE ILLUSTRATED ADULT FANTASY

# 1994

\$2.00  
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NO. TWENTY ONE



**A GAME  
OF 'SPACE  
INVADERS'  
CONQUERS  
THE GALAXY  
FOR REAL!**

**UNABASHED  
SUMMER  
SPECIAL!**



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# 1994

NUMBER TWENTY-ONE

OCTOBER 1981

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**TELEMETRY** 4  
One of our readers was a lonely guy until 1994 pointed the way up that sleazy stairway to gigolo heaven! Only too happy to help!



**LORD MACHINA** 6  
And Lord Machina thus spake unto me: "I've won your house, your car, and all your notes and wages. Shall we play for your first-born?"



**JACKLIGHTER** 19  
Argus was a cannibal poisoned by the bubonic plague! Diana was given a choice: bring Argus down or hitch-hike back to Earth!



**LOVE** 28  
At long last lonely Margaret had a lover that slithered to her bed by night! It was ponderous, slimy, tentacled...and it was all hers!



**GHITA** 37  
Goddess anticipated, with moist notch and pounding heart, her night of empassioned loving with the mysterious, silent slave girl!



**ANGEL** 46  
One minute they were two highly respected archaeologists on a dig, the next they were slabs of stewmeat for berzerker apes!



**MARS BARS** 61  
It was a haven of orgiastic revelry, gluttony, slovenliness and sloth in a world lousy with justice, common sense, and plain hard work!



**FREEFALL** 68  
Locked out of my ship, floating in space's vacuum with my lifeline snapped, and the convertor about to blow...I'm in a heap of peat!

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# incoming telemetry



## DELANDO NINO'S TIME HAS COME!

A few words on behalf of one of 1994's best and most undervalued artists: Delando Nino.

Nino's layouts are clear and exciting, light-years beyond the panel-to-panel arrangements of his inferiors. His characters are dynamically drawn, yet possess clear and distinctive personalities! His action sequences are breathtaking. And most importantly, he sets a mood with each of his stories that clearly compliments the material with which he is working!

Alex Nino may be the star of 1994, judging from the amount of his work that appears within each issue! But Delando Nino is self-assured enough to subordinate his impulses for the good of the story. And for that, he deserves our applause!

**DALE COLE**  
Stony Brook, N.Y.

1994 is a tremendous comic book, as far as it goes! Some might say it has gone too far already! But, speaking for myself, it's time the magazine branched out even further!

It would be nice if one story an issue were devoted strictly to erotica! Down-to-earth erotica, without all the sci-fi trimmings and kinky variations! Man and woman erotica without Martians with penile tentacles or starships ramming it home into whorling black holes! Sensuous, delicate erotica, with attention paid to atmosphere and the loveliness of the human body; especially the female body.

With the fervent following 1994 has built up over the last few years, I'm sure that the magazine's regular readers would be indulgent for an experiment or two in this direction. Being the premiere illustrated adult fantasy magazine in this country 1994 is in a unique position. Yet, the editors shouldn't rest on their publication's laurels! They should step back from the old, and enter bravely into new areas of innovation. I promise you that 1994's artists and writers will welcome the challenge with open arms. And, more important, the readers will enjoy the change!

**JOHN FRAZIER**  
Contra Costa, Calif.



I have been buying 1994 for three months now, but from the very first moment I laid eyes on it, I was impressed and amazed at the difference between this magazine and the other Warren products!

The provocative adult fantasy tagline inspires vivid visions of sin and sex. But it's obvious that the contributors, both artists and writers within 1994, are reaching for something more! They are collectively striving to produce the most artistic and nearly perfect erotic magazine ever to see print.

And they're coming damn close to realizing their dream!

**GRAY E. SANFORD**  
Honolulu, Hawaii

One fine day, I was rolling on the campus green, the latest issue of 1994 firmly in hand, laughing my head off over the exploits of the immortal Ghita!

Suddenly, a comely ood began to edge nearer to me, curious as to what would be causing my amusement.

I was quite willing to share my 1994, and together we were soon reading Ghita and "The Lost Loves of Cranfranz P. Thitwacker." By the time we got to the "Starfire Saga," the girl was mine! Since then, we've been seeing each other all semester, and plan to resume our relationship in the fall.

Thus do roses grow from the lowliest loam! Thus has love grown from the depraved pages of Warren's most vile and sordid periodical.

Thank you, Warren Publishing, from the bottom of my black little heart.

**R. P. FARRISH**  
Boston, Mass.

## 1994: CURE FOR THE APOCALYPSE?

All over the United States individuals and groups, in mountains and deserts, suburbs and cities, are arming themselves! Clubs that liken themselves to the Boy Scouts are teaching children to garrot and gut their fellow man! Automatic weapons, bazookas, and grenades are being stored to be used in defense of a hoarded cache of cling peaches. Any consideration that we might all band together and share come the Apocalypse, are being tossed in the can before the fact, as we descend into anticipatory savagery.

Critics of 1994 may accuse the magazine of relentless pessimism and black humor. But it is quite obvious to me that it's doing little more than making the best of a clearly hopeless situation!

**MEL MARANSKY**  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

You folks at 1994 pride yourselves on being ahead of the pack, trailblazers, non-conformists, above all the petty fears and annoyances of the lowly reading public. Well let me tell you, you're all full of shit!

I draw your attention to the cover of 1994 #19 upon which your hero is proclaimed a Commie-stomper!

The story this blurb refers to has drawn a very heavy line between the good guys and the bad guys, and the Russkies are bad! They are ridiculed in the easiest manner possible, by satirizing their speech patterns.

Were this an isolated case, I would let it pass without comment. But it is far from isolated! Issue after issue of your pabulum periodical is crammed full of such crap! Propaganda is all it is! Lying, scurrilous, infantile cheapshots designed to reinforce capitalists' glowing image of themselves.

Of course, you cover your trail by satirizing your own government and religious figures as well. But it is clear who the real targets are. It is equally clear that you are children taking potshots from the comfort and safety of your homeland; children with no knowledge of the world as it is!

**NAME AND ADDRESS  
WITHHELD**



## SIGMUND PAVLOV HAS THE D.T.'S!

"Young Sigmund Pavlov" is garbage! The story is nothing more than one great big Warren circle jerk!

Author Will Richardson merely used the story as an opportunity to pull out his dicky-do dictionary and spew forth every word our mamas ever slapped us for saying.

And illustrator Alex Nino is no better! He simply closed his eyes, attached a pen to his prick and gyrated wildly all over his artboard, to produce some of the most blindingly irrational art I've ever laid eyes on! His work is meaningless, half-assed psychological delirium tremens! What a waste of precious space!

**REESE GOELDNER**  
Albany, N.Y.

For many years I've harbored a secret vision of the ideal woman, in my heart. She's burned into my imagination in a place where no one can reach her. Or at least, that's what I've always believed!

But Frank Thorne has shattered my dream for good! The character *Dakini* in Thorne's "Ghita" series is very like my ideal woman, with her four perfectly formed breasts!

Ah well, it was a sick fantasy anyway! And it is, after all, time that I grew up, accepting women for what they are, and treated them with the respect they deserve as individuals and fellow passengers aboard spaceship Earth!

But I wonder! How would a woman look with . . . no! If I share it, it's no longer my fantasy, is it?

**BILL ROWLAND**  
Raleigh, N.C.

How does Jim Warren expect to attract adults, and sophisticated ones at that, to his magazines when he publishes covers like the one which appeared on 1994 #19?

The female figure in *Penalva's* painting is actually quite striking! But the dominant image is that boring and conventional space hero! Anyone looking at 1994 for the first time might never be lured past such a cover to the contents page and beyond! Surely, they'd never discover the truly unique material within the magazine's pages.

If Warren wants to titillate the buying public, he's got to select covers that reflect the depravity, degeneracy, decrepitude, corruption, and all-around sleaziness of his magazine's content!

**B. SELLERS**  
Akron, Ohio



I dropped out of the comic book fan world for many years. When I left, DC and Marvel were making great strides in their artwork. And their stories were taking on a new bite they had not had before. Underground comics were becoming the vogue, and artists like S. Clay Wilson and R. Crumb seemed to be breaking new ground in promoting bad taste within the funnies.

Now that I have a little more free time, however, I've resumed my interest in comics, and I'm pleased to say that one product stands out above the rest: 1994.

Imagine Warren Publishing releasing such a product! It seems that the Wilsons, Crumbs and Deitchs left their mark on the field. What was once underground has emerged into the mainstream! While I've noticed no appreciable change in the DC or Marvel comic lines, Warren seems to have forged forward into the 80's with a magazine for every fetish!

The writing within 1994 has attained a level of sophistication that I never would have believed comics could sustain. The artists are true illustrators who take risks, and who are allowed great freedom of layout and design, that other comics publishers obviously do not allow.

I do wish, however, that there were some full-color pages within the magazine. Hell, I wish it could be color from cover to cover! But I understand that the costs would be prohibitive.

I'm glad that I am not the only adult who is juvenile enough to read comic books. And I'm very glad that Warren Publishing is providing us older folks with the perfect entertainment for those quiet moments when the kids are asleep . . . and the wife is not!

**PAT DIETLER**  
Beaumont, Texas

## 1994 OVERPRICED PERVERSION!

My compadres are healthy in most respects, but they're blind as Old Pew when it comes to comic books. These nerds collect other things: bubble gum cards and old beer cans, clutching their hoards to their bosom as if they were solid gold! But they flee from comics and 1994 in particular, as if it were a bi-monthly bite from a plague-infested mosquito. Fools, the lot of them!

"Nasty language!" they cry. "Cannibalism! Fetishism! Sacrilege! Unholy Rites! Disrespect for the flag! And two bucks to boot! Besides, what would my mother say if she caught me with such trash clutched in my hot little hands?"

It's too bad people are so narrow-minded when it comes to anything approaching eroticism. There's really so much more fun to be had in 1994 than in any old beer bottle or bubble gum card!

**WILLIAM FRESHETTE**  
Port Penn, Del.

Author Kevin Duane had a hit and a miss in 1994 #19.

The miss was "Fugue for a Fervite Fugitive." Duane had a potentially good idea, but lost his way in the story's development. If he could not extract more interesting material by following the format of the old "Fugitive" television series, he should have let the whole thing go. Plus the narrative's jumbling confusion diminished any impact the script might have had.

Duane struck gold with "Et Tu, Casey," however. What a pisser! I've never seen so many shit-kicking aliens in my life. Abel Laxamana must have worked long and hard on this story! But the finished effect was one of spontaneity and unforced good fun.

Duane is a simply horrible poet. Yet, I hope he continues to churn out dreck like "Casey!" He might just live forever!

**JUSTIN BLEDISOE**  
Phoenix, Arizona

The painting by H. R. Giger, gracing the cover of 1994 #18 was the best frontispiece the magazine has had in a long time.

Giger's art perfectly captures the horror and chaos that 1994's writers strive to portray in their stories of future humankind.

I hope Warren has a pipeline to Giger's work, and that his brilliance will continue to shine from future covers of 1994.

**JESS LYONS**  
Victoria, Ind.

SEND COMMENTS TO: 1994, WARREN PUBLISHING, 145 E. 32nd Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10016



# LORD MACHINA!

GOOD AFTERNOON, MR. NOLLERTOWN! WE'RE FROM FUTURA GAMING COMPUTERS, AND WE HAVE A PRODUCT HERE WE THINK YOU'LL GO ABSOLUTELY GA-GA FOR!

IT'S CALLED DEUS EX MACHINA... AND IT'S THE GREATEST ADVANCE IN GAMBLING DEVICES SINCE THE COCA-COLA MACHINE! CARD GAMES, BOARD GAMES, VIDEO GAMES, YOU NAME IT... IT'S HALF A MILLION GAMES ALL CRAMMED INTO THIS ONE COMPACT PACKAGE!

BEST OF ALL, MACHINA HAS BEEN DESIGNED WITH RANDOM ELEMENT PROGRAMMING... MAKING IT FULLY INDEPENDENT OF IN-HOUSE TAMPERING, AND THUS ASSURING 100% HONEST GAMBLING!

HMMMPH! SUPPOSE YOU LET ME BE THE JUDGE OF THAT! THE COMPUTEST CONSUMER PROTECTION AGENCY IS ONLY IMPRESSED WITH RESULTS!

FUTURA...! ISN'T THAT THE RENEGADE COMPUTER OUTFIT THAT WAS DEPORTED YEARS AGO FOR CRIMINAL FRAUD? OR WAS THAT FUTUREX? HARD TO TELL THEM ALL APART...!

EH... MUST BE SOMEONE ELSE YOU'RE THINKING OF, MR. NOLLERTOWN! FUTURA'S BRAND-NEW TO THE COMPUTER FIELD!

I'LL JUST LEAVE THESE BROCHURES WITH YOU, I TRUST YOU'LL FIND OUR UNIT TO BE EVERYTHING IT'S ADVERTISED TO BE... AND MORE!

PSST! TRY BLACKJACK WITH IT! I WON FIVE BIG ONES!

"DEUS EX MACHINA," EH?

"I'D BETTER SEND OFF A LETTER OF WARNING!"

"GENTLEMEN... RECEIVED YOUR PROTOTYPE LATE TODAY! INSPECTION OF YOUR MUCH BALLY-HOOED GAMING DEVICE WILL BEGIN PROMPTLY!"

"MARCH 13, 2054! LETTER TO FUTURA GAMING COMPUTERS!"

"BE AWARE, THIS AGENCY WILL TEST YOUR PRODUCT MERCILESSLY! IF IT IS GOOD, WE WILL BE PLEASED TO ATTACH OUR SEAL OF APPROVAL TO YOUR DEVICES..."

"... BUT IF IT FAILS, NO COMPUTER DISTRIBUTOR IN THE FREE WORLD WILL EVER HANDLE ANOTHER FUTURA MACHINE!"

"I AM ALREADY CONCERNED ABOUT THE NAME YOU'VE CHOSEN FOR YOUR PRODUCT... 'DEUS EX MACHINA'... WHICH IS LATIN FOR 'GOD FROM A MACHINE!'"

"THIS SEEMS A VERY LARGE BOAST INDEED... ONE WHICH I HOPE YOU CAN BACK UP!"

"FOR, IF YOUR MACHINE TURNS OUT TO BE LESS THAN GOD-LIKE, FUTURA'S BOARD OF DIRECTORS WILL BE ON THE SOUP LINE NEXT WEEK!"

WAITAMINNT, FART-FACE! DON'T LEAVE YET! HOW'S ABOUT A QUICK GAME BEFORE YOU GO?

"WARMEST REGARDS, SIMON NOLLERTOWN, VICE-PRESIDENT, COMPUTEST, INC."

CLIK CLIKETY

CLAK





WHAT THE--?  
HOW THE DEVIL  
DID YOU GET  
TURNED ON?

CERTAINLY  
NOT BY LOOKING!  
AT YOUR PUSS!  
WHAT ABOUT IT,  
DOG BALLS? WANNA  
PLAY FOR A WEEKS  
PAY?

OF ALL THE VULGAR,  
INSULTING CONTRIVANCES  
I'VE EVER COME UPON!  
YES, PERHAPS YOU OUGHT  
TO BE TAUGHT SOME  
MANNERS!

ATTAWAY,  
DRIPDICK! NAME  
YOUR GAME! PLAY  
BIG, WIN BIG!

HELLO,  
MR. SHREVE?  
THIS IS NOLLERTOWN!  
I DON'T QUITE KNOW  
HOW TO ASK YOU  
THIS...

YOU WANT AN ADVANCE?  
SIX MONTHS' SALARY? WHAT'S  
THE MATTER, MAN? YOUR BOOKIE  
CALL IN YOUR MARKERS?

C'MON, NOLLERTOWN!  
I'M ONLY KIDDING! YES,  
I'LL ADVANCE YOU THIS  
ONCE! JUST REMEMBER,  
THOUGH, YOU OWE ME A  
BIG ONE FOR THIS!

SO, YOU WERE  
ADVANCED THE DOUGH  
FROM YOUR BOSS... AND  
NOW YOU OWE HIM... AND  
YOU STILL DON'T HAVE  
ANY MONEY IN YOUR  
POCKETS!

BUT I'M HERE TO  
HELP YOU, FRIEND! MAYBE  
SPACE ATTACK WASN'T YOUR  
GAME! MAYBE YOU SHOULD TRY  
A LITTLE BLACKJACK! TELL  
ME, DO YOU OWN YOUR  
OWN HOUSE?

BINGO! I WIN  
AGAIN, FUNGUS-BREATH!  
LET'S SEE, THAT GIVES  
ME THE CAR, THE BOAT, THE  
FURNITURE, THE HOUSE, AND  
THE STAINLESS STEEL  
FLATWARE!

HOW ABOUT A  
GAME OF LOTTO FOR  
YOUR FIRST-BORN?

SHUT UP,  
GODDAMN YOU!  
SHUT UP!

COMPUTERS  
AREN'T PERFECT!  
THEY'RE PROGRAMMED BY  
ORDINARY PEOPLE! THERE  
MUST BE A GAME I CAN  
BEAT YOU AT!

ALL RIGHT,  
YOU TUNGSTEN-  
PLATED FOUR-  
FLUSHER! YOU  
HUSTLED ME OUT  
OF HALF A YEAR'S  
SALARY! BUT YOU  
WON'T GET  
ANY MORE!

HERE'S WHAT  
I OWE YOU! I'M  
GOING HOME!

SOME TIME  
LATER...

YOU THINK OF  
EVERYTHING, DON'T  
YOU? ALL RIGHT! ALL  
RIGHT! I'LL GET YOU  
THE GODDAMNED  
CASH!

SURROUNDED  
EH? SURE, SPERM-  
WIT! LIKE CUSTER WAS  
SURROUNDED!

TREMBLE,  
TREMBLE! OH,  
WE ARE SO  
SCARED!

LET'S TRY  
SPACE ATTACK!  
I WARN YOU--  
I HAVE A TWELFTH  
LEVEL EXPERT  
RATING!

SCOFF IF  
YOU WILL, MACHINE!  
BUT I ALREADY HAVE  
YOUR COMMAND SHIP  
SURROUNDED!

\*GASP!\* IT WAS  
A TRAP! YOUR COMMAND  
SHIP WAS ONLY A DECOY--  
RIGGED TO EXPLODE AFTER  
YOU LURED MY SHIPS  
TO IT! I'M BEATEN!

LET'S  
GO AGAIN!  
DOUBLE OR  
NOTHING!

A CHECK?  
WHAT KINDA RUBE  
DO YOU TAKE ME  
FOR? CASH ON THE  
BARRELHEAD!

OH, IS THAT RIGHT?  
WELL, SUPPOSE I TOLD  
YOUR BOSS HOW I SUCKERED  
YOU! YOU CAN'T HAVE SOMEBODY  
THAT GULLIBLE RUNNING A  
CONSUMER PROTECTION  
AGENCY!

THAT'S ALL  
YOUR GETTING!  
TAKE IT, OR  
LEAVE IT!



BUT, ALAS...

WELL, THAT DOES IT, PIMPLE-BRAIN! ALL YOUR DEEDS, TITLES AND ACCOUNTS HAVE BEEN TURNED OVER TO ME! TIME FOR US TO GO OUR SEPARATE WAYS!

NO! IT'S NOT FAIR! YOU CAN BE BEATEN, I KNOW IT! I JUST NEED TO FIND THE RIGHT GAME!

CLEVER BOY! NOW, HERE'S THE DEAL... YOU DO A FAVOR FOR ME, AND I'LL GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO WIN BACK EVERYTHING! WE'LL START BY HAVING YOU KNOCK OFF SENATOR BYRD, THE JERKOFF WHO ORIGINALLY GOT US KICKED OFF THE PLANET!

NO MORE, YOU METAL MONSTER! I'M GOING TO STOP THIS MADNESS BEFORE IT GOES ANY FURTHER!

ANYTHING'S POSSIBLE, SNOT-BEAK! UNFORTUNATELY, YOU RAN OUT OF WORLDLY BELONGINGS BEFORE YOU FOUND IT!

DAMN YOU! YOU MAY HAVE EVERYTHING, BUT I CAN STILL FILE A REPORT THAT'LL PUT YOU AND THE FUTURA COMPANY OUT OF BUSINESS!

NOW, NOW, CROTCH-MOUTH! AREN'T WE GETTING VINDICTIVE! AND JUST WHEN I WAS GOING TO GIVE YOU ANOTHER CHANCE TO WIN YOUR STUFF BACK!

WIN IT ALL BACK? BUT HOW? WITH I.O.U.'S? YOU'VE STRIPPED ME NAKED!

IT'S VERY SIMPLE! FUTURA WANTS TO SELL MY MODEL OF GAMBLING COMPUTER STELLARWIDE! IT FIGURES THAT THERE ARE ENOUGH SUCKERS LIKE YOU TO MAKE THIS ENTERPRISE STUPENDOUSLY PROFITABLE!

BUT MY COMPANY CAN'T PROCEED WITH THIS PLAN WHILE CERTAIN GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS STILL STAND IN OUR WAY!

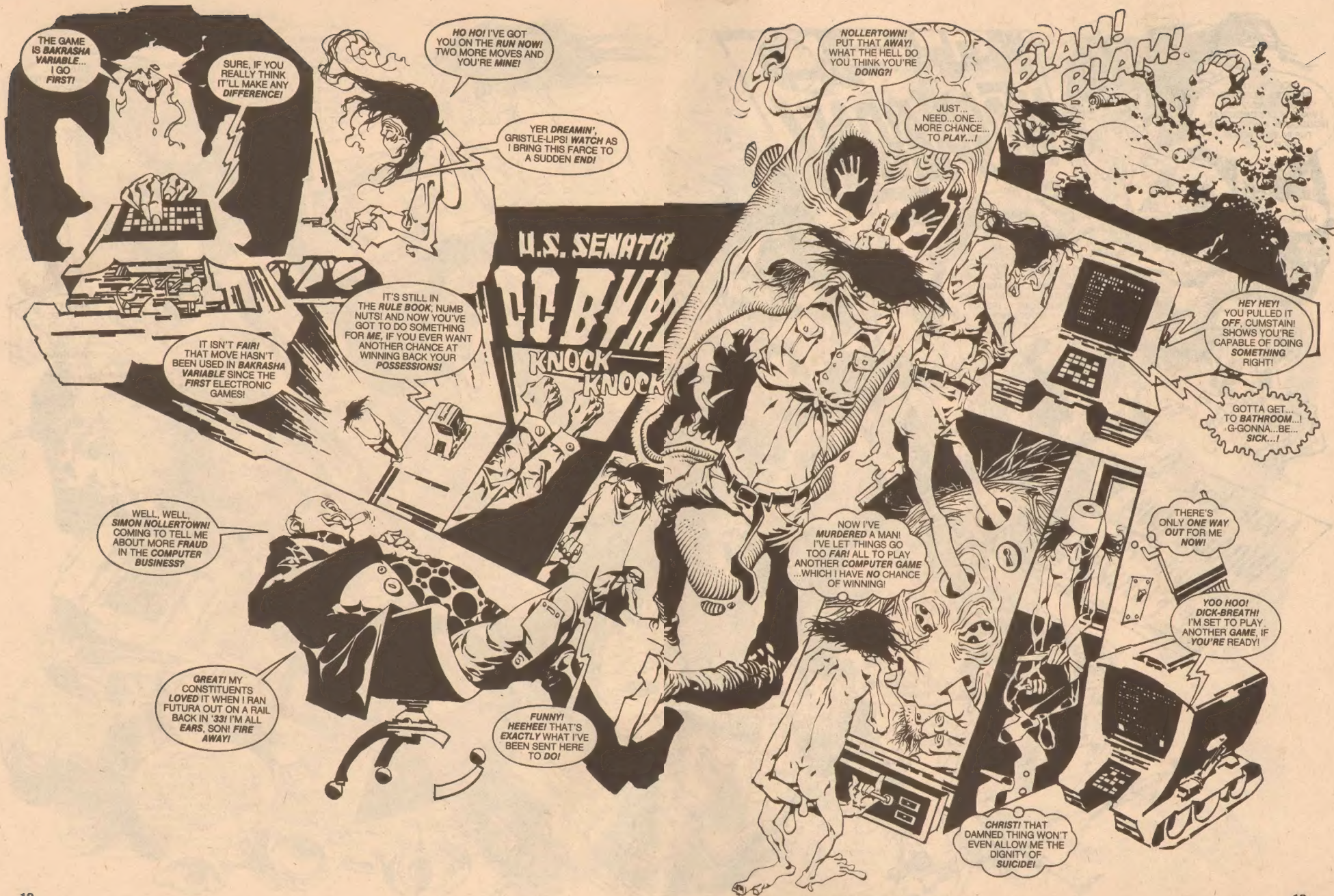
THEN, I WAS RIGHT EARLIER! YOU'RE FROM THE SAME FUTURA COMPANY THAT WAS TOSSED OFF THE EARTH YEARS BACK! YOU'RE A NASTY BUNCH OF GUYS!

YOU'RE HESITATING, DROOL-BRAIN! YOU KNOW THAT IF YOU SHOOT ME IT'LL TAKE YOU THE REST OF YOUR LIFE TO EARN BACK ALL THE STUFF YOU'VE LOST! BUT, IF YOU LISTEN TO ME, YOU'VE AT LEAST GOT A CHANCE!

YOU'RE RIGHT, GODDAMN YOU! I'M TOO OLD TO START OVER AGAIN! I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY... BUT YOU GOTTA LET ME PLAY AGAIN!

THERE, THERE, BUTT-FACE! MACHINA WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU! AND JUST TO SHOW YOU MY HEART'S IN THE RIGHT PLACE, I'M GOING TO LET YOU PLAY FIRST!





THE GAME IS BAKRASHA VARIABLE... I GO FIRST!

SURE, IF YOU REALLY THINK IT'LL MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE!

HO HO! I'VE GOT YOU ON THE RUN NOW! TWO MORE MOVES AND YOU'RE MINE!

YER DREAMIN', GRISTLE-LIPS! WATCH AS I BRING THIS FARCE TO A SUDDEN END!

IT ISN'T FAIR! THAT MOVE HASN'T BEEN USED IN BAKRASHA VARIABLE SINCE THE FIRST ELECTRONIC GAMES!

IT'S STILL IN THE RULE BOOK, NUMB NUTS! AND NOW YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING FOR ME, IF YOU EVER WANT ANOTHER CHANCE AT WINNING BACK YOUR POSSESSIONS!

U.S. SENATOR

BOB BURN  
KNOCK KNOCK

NOLLERTOWN! PUT THAT AWAY! WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?!

JUST... NEED... ONE... MORE CHANCE... TO PLAY...!

BIAM! BIAM!

HEY HEY! YOU PULLED IT OFF, CUMSTAIN! SHOWS YOU'RE CAPABLE OF DOING SOMETHING RIGHT!

GOTTA GET... TO BATHROOM...! G-GONNA... BE... SICK...!

WELL, WELL, SIMON NOLLERTOWN! COMING TO TELL ME ABOUT MORE FRAUD IN THE COMPUTER BUSINESS?

GREAT! MY CONSTITUENTS LOVED IT WHEN I RAN FUTURA OUT ON A RAIL BACK IN '33! I'M ALL EARS, SON! FIRE AWAY!

FUNNY! HEEHEE! THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I'VE BEEN SENT HERE TO DO!

NOW I'VE MURDERED A MAN! I'VE LET THINGS GO TOO FAR! ALL TO PLAY ANOTHER COMPUTER GAME... WHICH I HAVE NO CHANCE OF WINNING!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT FOR ME NOW!

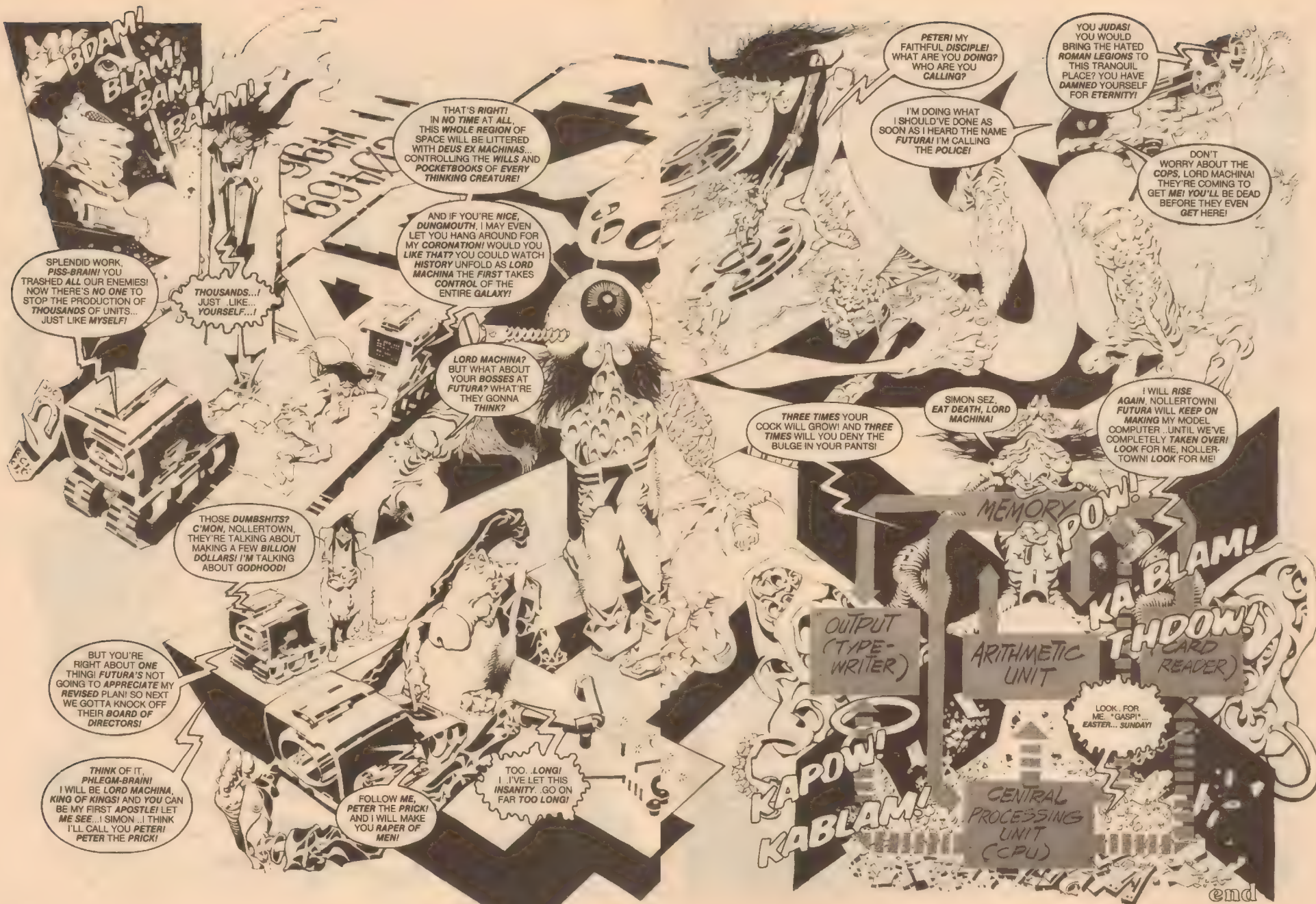
YOO HOO! DICK-BREATH! I'M SET TO PLAY ANOTHER GAME, IF YOU'RE READY!

CHRISTI THAT DAMNED THING WON'T EVEN ALLOW ME THE DIGNITY OF SUICIDE!









BOOM!  
BLAM!  
BAM!  
BAMM!

SPLENDID WORK,  
PISS-BRAIN! YOU  
TRASHED ALL OUR ENEMIES!  
NOW THERE'S NO ONE TO  
STOP THE PRODUCTION OF  
THOUSANDS OF UNITS...  
JUST LIKE MYSELF!

THOUSANDS...!  
JUST LIKE  
YOURSELF...!

THAT'S RIGHT!  
IN NO TIME AT ALL,  
THIS WHOLE REGION OF  
SPACE WILL BE LITTERED  
WITH DEUS EX MACHINAS...  
CONTROLLING THE WILLS AND  
POCKETBOOKS OF EVERY  
THINKING CREATURE!

AND IF YOU'RE NICE,  
DUNG MOUTH, I MAY EVEN  
LET YOU HANG AROUND FOR  
MY CORONATION! WOULD YOU  
LIKE THAT? YOU COULD WATCH  
HISTORY UNFOLD AS LORD  
MACHINA THE FIRST TAKES  
CONTROL OF THE  
ENTIRE GALAXY!

LORD MACHINA?  
BUT WHAT ABOUT  
YOUR BOSSES AT  
FUTURA? WHAT'RE  
THEY GONNA  
THINK?

THOSE DUMBSHITS?  
C'MON, NOLLERTOWN,  
THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT  
MAKING A FEW BILLION  
DOLLARS! I'M TALKING  
ABOUT GODHOOD!

BUT YOU'RE  
RIGHT ABOUT ONE  
THING! FUTURA'S NOT  
GOING TO APPRECIATE MY  
REVISED PLAN! SO NEXT  
WE GOTTA KNOCK OFF  
THEIR BOARD OF  
DIRECTORS!

THINK OF IT,  
PHLEGM-BRAIN!  
I WILL BE LORD MACHINA,  
KING OF KINGS! AND YOU CAN  
BE MY FIRST APOSTLE! LET  
ME SEE...! SIMON...! I THINK  
I'LL CALL YOU PETER!  
PETER THE PRICK!

FOLLOW ME,  
PETER THE PRICK!  
AND I WILL MAKE  
YOU RAPER OF  
MEN!

TOO... LONG!  
I'VE LET THIS  
INSANITY GO ON  
FOR TOO LONG!

PETER! MY  
FAITHFUL DISCIPLE!  
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?  
WHO ARE YOU  
CALLING?

I'M DOING WHAT  
I SHOULD'VE DONE AS  
SOON AS I HEARD THE NAME  
FUTURA! I'M CALLING  
THE POLICE!

YOU JUDAS!  
YOU WOULD  
BRING THE HATED  
ROMAN LEGIONS TO  
THIS TRANQUIL  
PLACE? YOU HAVE  
DAMNED YOURSELF  
FOR ETERNITY!

DON'T  
WORRY ABOUT THE  
COPS, LORD MACHINA!  
THEY'RE COMING TO  
GET ME! YOU'LL BE DEAD  
BEFORE THEY EVEN  
GET HERE!

THREE TIMES YOUR  
COCK WILL GROW! AND THREE  
TIMES WILL YOU DENY THE  
BULGE IN YOUR PANTS!

SIMON SEZ,  
EAT DEATH, LORD  
MACHINA!

I WILL RISE  
AGAIN! NOLLERTOWN!  
FUTURA WILL KEEP ON  
MAKING MY MODEL  
COMPUTER... UNTIL WE'VE  
COMPLETELY TAKEN OVER!  
LOOK FOR ME, NOLLER-  
TOWN! LOOK FOR ME!

OUTPUT  
(TYPE-  
WRITER)

ARITHMETIC  
UNIT

MEMORY  
POW!  
KA-BLAM!  
THROW!  
CARD  
READER

LOOK FOR  
ME "GASP"  
EASTER... SUNDAY!

CENTRAL  
PROCESSING  
UNIT  
(CPU)

end



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## THE NEW AGE OF ILLUSTRATED EPIC ADVENTURE IS READY FOR DELIVERY NOW!



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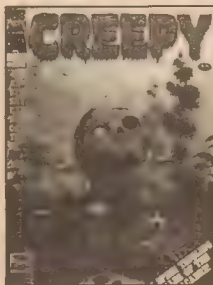
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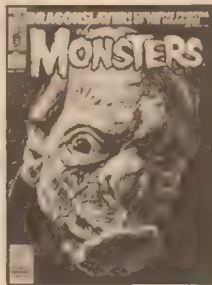
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**FUNNY** HOW THINGS WORKED OUT! YESTERDAY, DIANA JACKLIGHTER, ROOKIE SPACETRUCKER, WAS HAULING SEVEN CONVICTS STORED IN DEEP FREEZE TO THE PRISON PLANET VESTA, WHERE SHE WAS TO HAVE COLLECTED A FAT PAYCHECK UPON DELIVERY!

# DIANA JACKLIGHTER, MANHUNTRESS!

THEN, A **ROGUE COMET** STRUCK HER CRAFT, AND THE EMERGENCY SYSTEMS ONBOARD PROGRAMMED TO PROTECT ALL THE LIVES OF THE CREW...DUTIFULLY **RELEASED** THE PRISONERS, WHO ALL THEN **ABANDONED** THE CRIPPLED SHIP IN SEPARATE SHUTTLES!

AS IF THINGS WERE NOT QUITE **DIFFICULT ENOUGH**, DIANA NEXT DISCOVERED THAT THE CONVICTS WERE RIDDEN WITH A DEADLY **PLAGUE**, AND IF SHE DIDN'T HUNT THEM ALL DOWN AT ONCE, THE PRISONERS WOULD **SPREAD** THE DISEASE THROUGHOUT THE **CIVILIZED QUADRANT!**

ONE HELL OF A JOB FOR A GIRL **BARELY** OUT OF HIGH SCHOOL!

ESCORTED ONLY BY A **DONG DRONE** FROM THE MAIN SHIP, THROUGH WHICH **JASON HARRIS**, HER SUPERIOR FROM THE TRUCKING COMPANY, COULD GUIDE HER, DIANA SET AFTER THE CRIMINALS.

SHIP'S SCANNERS CONCLUDE ONLY **ONE** OF THE SEVEN CONVICTS CAME TO THIS PLANET, DIANA!

WHO, JASON?

NAME'S **FRANK ARGUS!** CONVICTED OF SIXTY-SIX COUNTS OF **MURDER, SODOMY, AND CANNIBALISM!** NICK-NAMED 'THE HUMAN GHOUL'!

A REAL MR. NICE GUY!

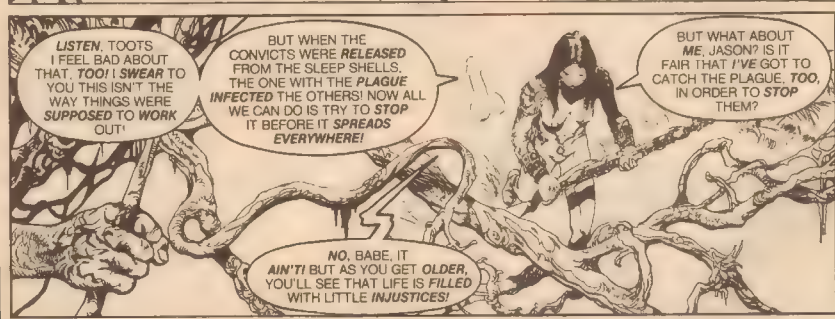
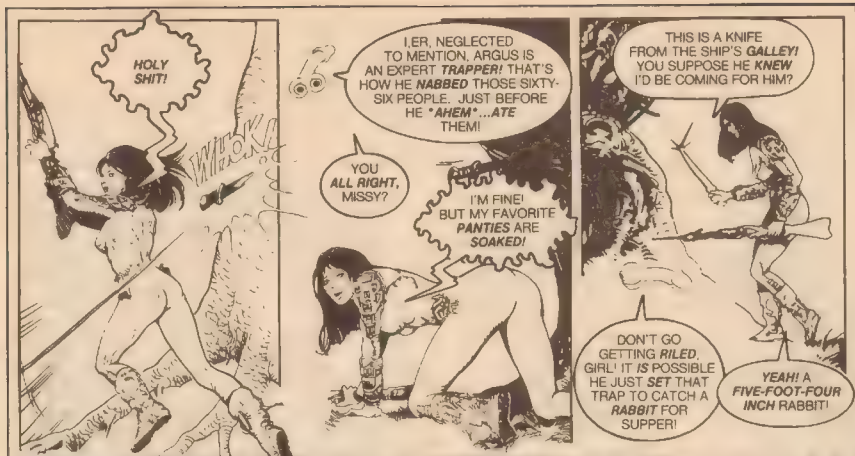
WHAA-? JASON! SOMEONE'S COMING!

FALSE ALARM! JUST ONE OF THE **LOCALS** ON HIS WAY TO A **SWINGERS' CONVENTION!**

CHRIST, JACKLIGHTER! DON'T DO THAT! YOU'LL GIVE A **HEART ATTACK!**

SORRY, JASON! BUT IT'S NOT YOUR ASS OUT HERE IN THE BRUSH LOOKING FOR THESE ESCAPED MANIACS! I'M A **CARGO PILOT!** WHAT THE HELL DO I KNOW ABOUT HUNTING DOWN CRIMINALS?











THERE YOU GO!  
NOW TWIST YOURSELF  
AROUND YOUR RIFLE! A  
LITTLE MORE...EASY  
DOES IT...!

UUURGH!

ATTAGIRL!  
NOW, DON'T YOU  
FEEL PROUD YOU  
DID IT ALL BY  
YOURSELF?

JASON, IF  
MY ARMS WERE  
ONLY LONG ENOUGH  
TO GET MY HANDS  
AROUND YOUR  
THROAT...!

HEAVENLY  
FATHER, IF YOU'RE  
UP THERE, I BEG OF  
YOU, SMITE THIS  
OFFENSIVE  
DRONE!

DIANA GIRL,  
IF I DIDN'T KNOW  
BETTER, I'D SAY YOU  
DIDN'T APPRECIATE ALL  
THAT I'VE DONE FOR  
YOU! WHY, IF IT WEREN'T  
FOR ME, YOU'D NEVER HAVE  
GOTTEN YOUR TRANSPORT  
LICENSE, AND YOU'D BE  
BACK IN THAT OFFICE  
RIGHT WHERE  
I FOUND YOU!

JASON! DOES  
THAT FLOATING  
EGG OF YOURS MAKE  
A CRUNCHING SOUND?  
BECAUSE, IF IT  
DOESN'T...

THEN...  
"GASP" WE'VE  
GOT... A...  
VISITOR!

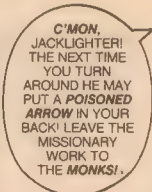
CRUNCH!





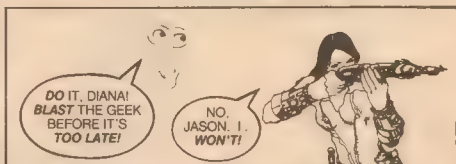
HMMM! ONE OF THE MORE **SOPHISTICATED LOCALS!** I DON'T LIKE THAT **BOW** HE'S CARRYING. **THOUGH!** BETTER PUNCH HIS TICKET, AND GET THE HELL **OUTTA** HERE!

BUT HE'S NOT **DOING** ANYTHING! SHOULD'N'T WE TRY TO TALK TO HIM FIRST?



**C'MON, JACKLIGHTER!** THE NEXT TIME YOU TURN AROUND HE MAY PUT A **POISONED ARROW** IN YOUR BACK! LEAVE THE **MISSIONARY** WORK TO THE **MONKS!**

CAN'T... SEEM TO... PULL THE **TRIGGER!**



**DO IT, DIANA!** BLAST THE **GEEK** BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

NO, **JASON, I** WON'T!



TOO LATE! HE'S **GONE!** **DAMN IT, JACKLIGHTER!** THIS IS NOT A **GAME!** WE'RE ON AN **URGENT MISSION!**

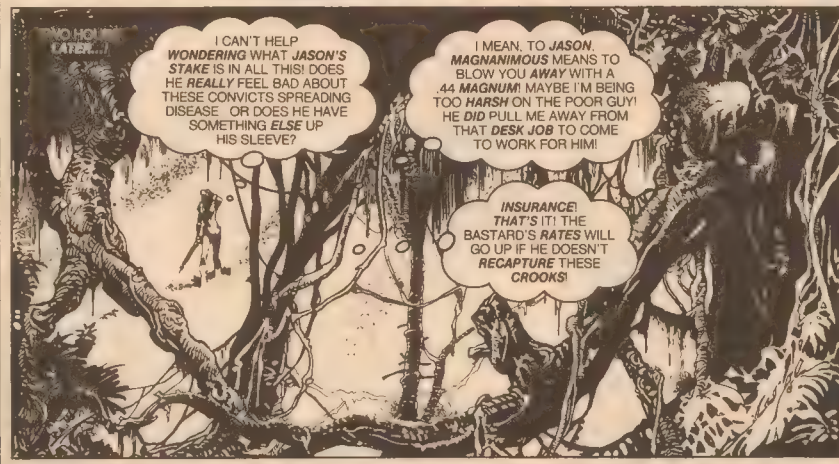
AND IF YOU GET **KILLED, BILLIONS** MORE COULD **DIE** FROM THE **PLAGUE!**



**FORGIVE** ME, **JASON!** BUT IT SEEMED TO ME THAT IF THE IDEA OF ALL THIS IS TO **SAVE LIVES**, HOW COULD I **KILL** THAT LITTLE **GNOME?**

**TERRIFIC!** JUST KEEP THAT LINE OF THINKING WHEN YOU **CONFRONT** ARGUS, AND WE'LL ALL BE IN **HOT SOUP!**

I'M GOING TO **SCOUT AHEAD!** YOU SEE IF THERE'S ANY MORE **FOREST CREATURES** YOU CAN **BEFRIEND!**



I CAN'T HELP **WONDERING** WHAT **JASON'S** **STAKE** IS IN ALL THIS! DOES HE **REALLY** FEEL BAD ABOUT THESE **CONVICTS** SPREADING **DISEASE**... OR DOES HE HAVE SOMETHING **ELSE** UP HIS **SLEEVE?**

I MEAN, TO **JASON, MAGNANIMOUS** MEANS TO BLOW YOU AWAY WITH A **.44 MAGNUM!** MAYBE I'M BEING TOO **HARSH** ON THE **POOR** GUY! HE **DID** PULL ME AWAY FROM THAT **DESK** **JOB** TO COME TO **WORK** FOR HIM!

**INSURANCE!** THAT'S IT! THE **BASTARD'S** **RATES** WILL GO UP IF HE DOESN'T **RECAPTURE** THESE **CROOKS!**



HELLO!  
BOOT TRACKS...  
HEADED FOR THE  
BEACH! THEY LOOK  
LIKE CONVICT  
BOOTS!



THE BEACH!  
OH NO! THAT'S  
WHERE MY  
SHUTTLE IS  
LANDED!



ARGUS CAN  
PULL MY REACTOR!  
HE CAN STRAND  
ME HERE!



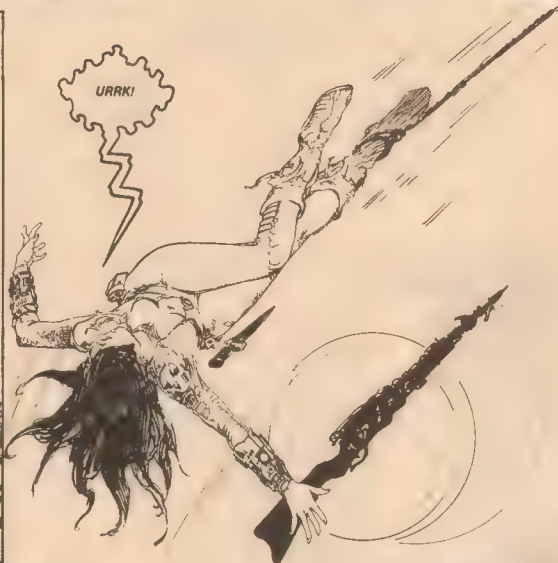
ALL MY  
SUPPLIES ARE  
ABOARD! I'LL  
STARVE ON THIS  
BLOODY PLANET!



JASON WHERE  
THE HELL ARE YOU?  
HELP ME ARGUS IS  
HEADED TOWARD  
OUR SHIP!



URRK!







HELLO THERE,  
LITTLE SNIP! DO  
YOU KNOW WHO  
I AM?

YOU'RE  
FRANK ARGUS!  
YOU'RE THAT  
CRAZY  
G-GH-GHOUL!

THAT'S RIGHT  
AND YOU MUST BE  
THE PILOT OF THAT  
PRISON SHIP!

YOU LOOK  
UNCOMFORTABLE!  
HERE! LET ME HELP  
YOU DOWN!

AGGHH!

YOU CALL  
ME CRAZY! BUT  
YOU'RE NUTS TO  
CHASE DESPERATE  
CRIMINALS ALL BY  
YOURSELF!

MORE DUPED  
THAN NUTS, I'D  
SAY!

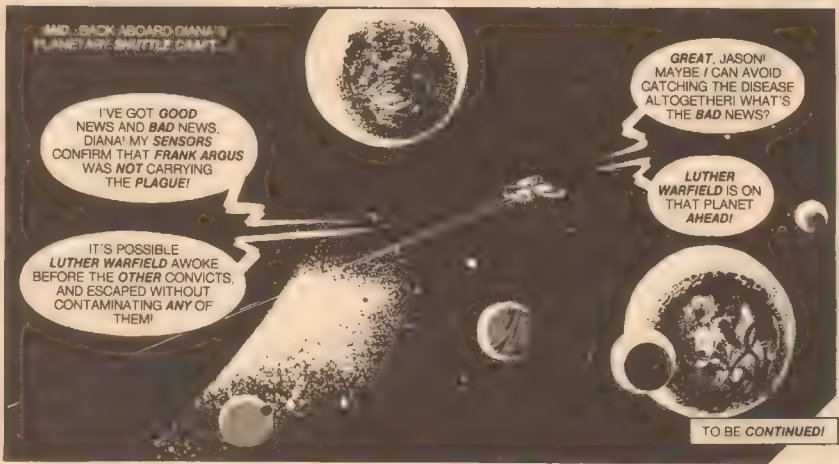
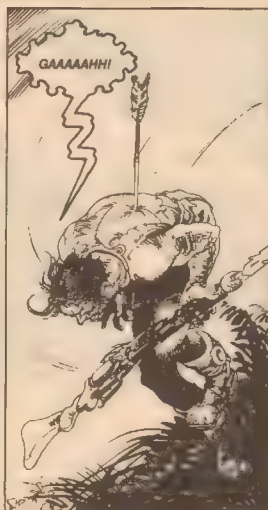
TURNKEY,  
DO YOU KNOW  
THAT I EAT LITTLE  
GIRLS LIKE YOU?

AND I DON'T MEAN IN  
THE CUNNINGLINGUISTICAL  
SENSE! I MEAN, CHEW YOU  
UP AND SWALLOW YOU!

JAAASONN!

IF YOU'RE  
COMING AT ALL,  
YOU'D BETTER  
DO IT NOW!







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MARGARET STIFFENED IMPALPABLY WHEN THE TENTACLE TOUCHED HER NECK. IT WAS COLD AND VISCIOUS, LIKE CALCIFIED JELLY, TINGLING WITH BIOELECTRICAL ENERGY!



IN THE DARKNESS OF HER BEDROOM, IT FOWLED HER TOUCH-HUNGRY BREASTS, AND SLUTTERED SENSUALLY OVER HER BELLY, LEAVING A RESIDUE OF SLIME! SIMULTANEOUSLY, WAVES OF NEVULSION AND RANDINESS RIPPED THROUGH HER READY BODY!

THE PROFLIGATE BOOB WHISPERED SWEET NOTHINGS IN A LANGUAGE WHICH SOUNDED VAGUELY TERNISHIAN.



# LOVE IS A MANY TENTACLED THING

DESIRE PARALYZED MARGARET, ANCHORED HER TO THE BED! THERE WAS NO ALTERNATIVE BUT SUBMISSION, AS IT TEASED AND AROUSED HER, SLOWLY EXPERTLY.

THEN, IN ONE CROWNING, VIOLENT SWASH, IT SATISFIED HER!



AS WAVES OF SATISFACTION ROLLED OVER HER BODY, MARGARET TURNED TO HER MIDNIGHT RIDER! HE, ITS BODY SEEMED BIGGER, ALMOST SWOLLEN, LIKE A BLOOD-GORGED TICK! THEN, AS SUDDENLY AS MARGARET'S LOVER HAD APPEARED, HE WAS GONE!

SHE SMILED DREAMILY, ROLLED OVER AND WENT BACK TO SLEEP!



MEANWHILE EDGAR STUMBLED THROUGH THE QUAGMIRE, BOLLIXED BY THE GUEY MORASS THAT SUCKED AT HIS HEELS AND THREATENED TO DIGEST HIM COMPLETELY! THE AIR WAS A NOXIOUS STEW, AND HIS SKIN WAS LACERATED BY INSECT BITES.

HIS HEART POUNDED, STRAINING TO BREAK FREE OF HIS CHEST, BUT HE DARED NOT STOP!



THE HUNTERS WERE CLOSE BEHIND HIM! HE'D SPOTTED THEM FROM THE RIDGE! FOUR OF THEM! WITH PETRIFIERS!

THEY PROBABLY WEREN'T STALKING HIM, EDGAR RECKONED! THEY HAD TO BE DOGGING A YOUNG COUPLE HE'D ENCOUNTERED NEAR THE SCREE YESTERDAY! THE YOUNG FOOLS! THEY MUST HAVE BEEN CRAZY TO FISSION RIGHT OUT IN THE OPEN LIKE THAT!

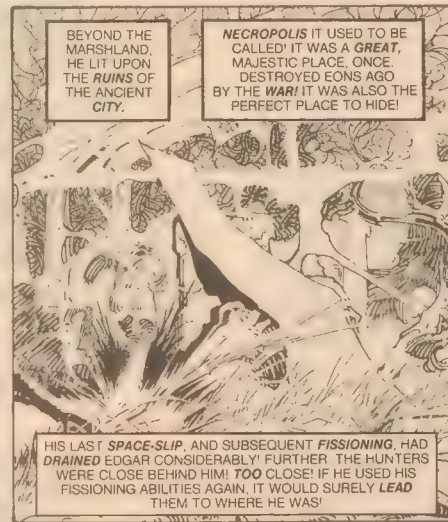


BUT IT DIDN'T MATTER, THE HUNTERS WOULD SHOOT THE FIRST ENERGOID THEY SAW... AND EDGAR HAD TO MAKE DAWNY SURE IT WASN'T HIM!



BEYOND THE MARSHLAND, HE LIT UPON THE RUINS OF THE ANCIENT CITY.

NECROPOLIS IT USED TO BE CALLED! IT WAS A GREAT, MAJESTIC PLACE, ONCE, DESTROYED EONS AGO BY THE WAR! IT WAS ALSO THE PERFECT PLACE TO HIDE!



HIS LAST SPACE-SLIP, AND SUBSEQUENT FISSIONING, HAD DRAINED EDGAR CONSIDERABLY! FURTHER THE HUNTERS WERE CLOSE BEHIND HIM! TOO CLOSE! IF HE USED HIS FISSIONING ABILITIES AGAIN, IT WOULD SURELY LEAD THEM TO WHERE HE WAS!



NONETHELESS, EDGAR'S BODY BEGAN TO GLOW BLINDLY, EMITTING THE RADIOACTIVE POWER OF A SMALL SUN!



HIS PHYSICAL FORM VIBRATED! THEN WITH A FRIGHTENING SUDDENNESS DISAPPEARED...



BY CAREFULLY CONTROLLED EMISSIONS, EDGAR KNEW HE COULD HIDE IN A GASEOUS RADIOACTIVE STATE FOR AS LONG AS AN HOUR IF NECESSARY! IN THIS CASE HE DIDN'T THINK IT WAS NECESSARY! HIS NATURAL FORM BLENDED NICELY WITH THE FILTH STREWN RUINS!

A UNIVERSE AWAY, ON THE FOURTH PLANET FROM THE SUN, MARGARET SUMMARIZED THE DETAILS OF A RECURRING DREAM! HER PSYCHIATRIST, IN HIS HABITUALLY LACONIC MANNER, TOOK MEANDERING NOTES!



WE'RE GETTING A HIGH READING! AN ENERGOID PASSED THROUGH HERE NOT LONG AGO!

WELL, HE AIN'T HERE NOW!



I HAVE THE SAME DREAM ABOUT ONCE A WEEK, DOCTOR! IT'S LIKE A FILM LOOP THAT NEVER STOPS!

"I SEE A WORLD DEVASTATED BY A THERMONUCLEAR HOLOCAUST AND A MUTANT SPECIES CALLED ENERGIDS! THEY'RE PITIFUL CREATURES, NOT OF FLESH AND BLOOD, BUT MORE LIKE WALKING REACTORS!"



"THEIR INTERNAL ENERGY REGENERATES CYCLICALLY! THEIR HEARTS ACT AS BETATRONS. PERIODICALLY THEY MUST UNDERGO FISSION. PHOTODISINTEGRATION OR ELSE THEY WILL OVERLOAD AND EXPLODE!"

"ENERGIDS CAN 'SPACE-SLIP'... CONVERT THEIR BODIES TO PURE ENERGY, AND INVERSE BOTH TIME AND SPACE! THEY SIPHON OFF GREAT QUANTITIES OF POWER, AS DOES THE TRANSFORMATION FROM THEIR BLOOD-LIKE STATE TO THE HEAT ENERGY BECAUSE THEY HUNGRY!"



"HUNTING PARTIES STALK THE MUTANTS WITH PETRIERS, WEAPONS WHICH FIRST DRAIN THEIR POWER AND THEN DESTROY THE ENERGIDS!"

"THEY DO THIS BECAUSE THE HUMAN SURVIVORS OF THEIR PLANET HATE AND FEAR THE ENERGIDS! THEY SEE ONLY THE POWER, NOT THE LONELINESS THE ENERGIDS SUFFER."

WHY DO YOU SAY THESE CREATURES ARE LONELY, MARGARET?



ENERGIDS CAN'T MATE WITH ONE ANOTHER, DOCTOR NORTHBRIDGE! THE COMBINED POWER AT THE MOMENT OF THE CLIMAX COULD DESTROY A PLANET!

AND THE HUMANS WITH WHOM THEY COULD SAFELY MATE, WILL HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH THEM!



"SO THEY SPACE-SLIP, AND COME IN THE NIGHT TO LONELY HUMAN AND HUMANOID FEMALES THROUGHOUT THE UNIVERSE, GIVING AND TAKING THE LOVE AND AFFECTION BOTH SO DESPERATELY NEED!"

I KNOW... BECAUSE ONE OF THEM IS MY LOVER!

"NO, MARGARET! YOUR SPACE SUITOR IS A DELUSION, FABRICATED BY YOUR INTENSE SEXUAL HUNGER! YOUR NEED FOR LOVE IS SO GREAT, THAT YOUR MIND HAS MADE THIS... THIS ALIEN SUITOR... A REALITY!"

"BUT HE IS REAL, DOCTOR! AND HE'S IN DANGER! LIKE MANY LOVERS, WE'VE ESTABLISHED A STRONG, DEEP-ROOTED, PSYCHIC BOND! AND I CAN FEEL HIS FEAR!"

IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL MIDSUMMER DAY. THE SUN WAS GOLDEN IN THE SKY. THE LAND WAS WARM AND PEACEFUL! BUT THERE WAS ANGER IN THE HEARTS OF THE MEN WHO TROD THE HEALING EARTH!

THERE THEY ARE! UP ON THE RIDGE... HIDING IN THE TALL GRASS! TWO OF THEM!





FOR SOME, HOWEVER  
CONTENTED, THE  
BEAUTY OF THE DAY  
WAS RAPIDLY COMING  
TO AN END!

BLAST THEIR  
SLIMY ASSES TO  
KINGDOM COME!

STOP THE  
BASTARDS!

THE ANGRY SOUNDS  
OF BARKING WEAPONS  
SHATTERED THE  
GENTLE STILLNESS  
AND THE FLAXEN  
COUNTRYSIDE WAS  
DISCOLORED BY  
DEATHLY, PULPY GRAY  
RADIOACTIVE  
GORE!



WHEN MARGARET REALIZED THAT SHE'D  
LOCKED HER KEYS INSIDE HER  
APARTMENT, SHE STAMMERED A FEW  
CHOICE, VITUPERATIVE WORDS,  
CONSIDERED CRYING, THEN STOOD  
IMPOTENTLY FACING THE SOFTWARE  
DOOR!



WHAT HAPPENED NEXT WAS  
SPONTANEOUS, INSTINCTIVE...AND TO  
ANYONE WATCHING, VERY SPOOKY!

SHE KNEW, WITH HER SPECIAL  
INSIGHT, THAT SHE COULD DO IT!  
SHE THEN, QUITE SIMPLY, MADE  
THE THOUGHT A REALITY.  
BEFORE RECOGNIZING THAT  
SHE'D EVER EVEN HAD THE  
THOUGHT!



MARGARET WALKED LIKE A  
WRAITH THROUGH HER BOLTED  
DOOR!

THIS PROVES I HAVEN'T  
BEEN FANTASIZING! SOMEHOW  
THE FREQUENT LOVEMAKING WITH  
EDGAR HAS ALTERED ME...  
MADE ME MORE LIKE HIM!



I MUST  
HAVE ABSORBED  
AN ABUNDANCE OF  
HIS RADIOACTIVE  
ENERGY!

I HAVE TO CALL  
DR. NORTHBRIDGE AND  
TELL HIM...AT  
ONCE!

I'M SORRY  
DR. NORTHBRIDGE  
HAS LEFT FOR THE  
DAY! IF IT'S AN  
EMERGENCY, I CAN  
RECOMMEND A  
CLINIC...!



EXCITEMENT  
WAVERED INTO  
DISAPPOINTMENT.  
MARGARET WILTED AT  
THE SOUND OF THE  
RECEPTIONIST'S  
WORDS...!

AS SHE TURNED FROM  
THE PHONE,  
MARGARET FELT  
ANOTHER ODD SENSATION!  
THE ENERGY  
WITHIN HER BODY HAD  
BEEN BUILDING  
STEADILY RAPIDLY!  
GRADUALLY, IT WAS  
ACCOMPANIED BY A  
BURNING SENSATION  
...LIKE SUNSCALD  
FROM WITHIN!



AROUND 5:00 THAT  
AFTERNOON,  
MARGARET EXPERIENCED HER  
FIRST FISSION!

MEANWHILE, ACROSS THE COSMOS...!

THEY'VE  
GONE! AT  
LEAST FOR  
NOW!

...I FEEL LIKE SHIT  
FOR THINKING IT. BUT I  
CAN'T HELP HOPING THAT THEY  
FOUND THOSE KIDS! IT'LL GET  
THEM OFF MY TAIL. IF ONLY  
FOR A LITTLE WHILE!

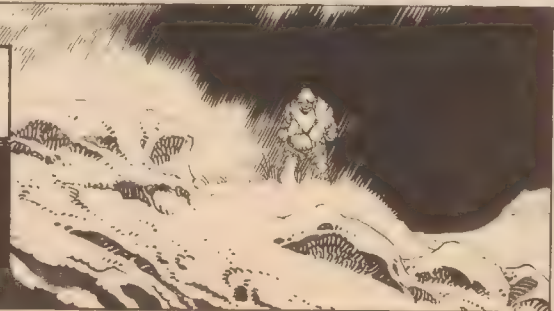


THEY CAUGHT EDGAR BY SURPRISE, WITH HIS DEFENSES DOWN! HE WAS ON  
THE BRINK OF RECHARGE, FORETASTING MARGARET'S SOFT WARMTH WHEN  
SOME INNATE ALARM JINGLED AND HE AUTOMATICALLY DISSOLVED!

ONLY BY CONSERVING POWER, REMAINING AS HE WAS, COULD HE  
HOPE TO ESCAPE THE HUNTERS!

LOVELY ACHES FOLLOWED HIM!  
TIME WAS, WHEN HE COULD LAST  
A WEEK BEFORE THIRST FOR HER  
GENTLE, LOVING TOUCH WASHED  
OVER HIM LIKE A SPRING  
SHOWER!

IT HAD ONLY BEEN TWENTY-FOUR  
HOURS SINCE HE'D SEEN HER  
LAST...AND ALREADY HE NEEDED  
MARGARET DESPERATELY IN AN  
HOUR OR SO, HE'D BE FULLY  
RECHARGED. AND TONIGHT, EDGAR  
KNEW, HE WOULD VISIT HIS LOVE  
AGAIN.



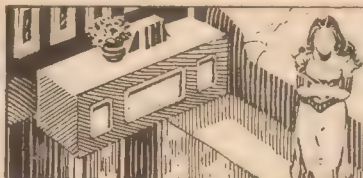


YET, THERE WERE THOSE WHO WOULD KEEP THE LOVERS APART... FOREVER!

DID YOU SEE THE WAY THE GEIGER JUMPED? THERE'S ANOTHER ONE NEARBY!



WE'LL SPREAD OUT! HE WON'T GET VERY FAR!



MARGARET PACED, FEELING AS EDGY AS A RAZOR BLADE! IMAGES FLITTED THROUGH HER MIND. THEN VANISHED! SHE WANTED TO STOP THE RESTLESS TURRENT OF WORRY, AND JUST GO TO SLEEP! BUT SHE DARED NOT!

FOR IN HER SLEEP EDGAR MIGHT COME!

IT WAS MORE THAN A POSSIBILITY! IT WAS A CERTAINTY! EDGAR'S LONGING WAS SPIRITUALLY TRANSMITTED ACROSS A UNIVERSE! SHE SENSED HIS DESIRE! MORE... SHE SHARED IT!

HE WOULD COME TO HER BED THAT NIGHT, WANTING HER AS SHE HAD WANTED HIM! BUT IF THEIR PASSION ASCENDED, IF THEIR BODIES MERGED...! A SHIVER RAN ALONG MARGARET'S SPINE! SHE BLOTTERED THE CONSEQUENCES FROM HER MIND!



FINALLY, A LITTLE BEFORE MIDNIGHT, ALL OF THE COFFEE SHE HAD INJECTED, AND ALL OF THE WILL-POWER SHE HAD MUSTERED, FAILED HER!

MARGARET SLEPT!



EDGAR'S THOUGHTS TURNED TO MARGARET AND THE MEMORY OF THEIR UNION! HE WISHED HE COULD APPEAR TO HER IN HIS HUMAN GUISE... BUT SPACE-SLIPPING REQUIRED TOO MUCH RELEASE OF HIS ENERGY AND HE COULDN'T SPARE ANY EXTRA ENERGY RIGHT NOW!

THE HUNTERS WERE TAKEN TOTALLY BY SURPRISE AS EDGAR DISAPPEARED! THEY FIRED... BUT THEIR BULLETS PASSED RIGHT THROUGH EDGAR, STRIKING ONE OF THE HUNTERS INSTEAD!

AND EDGAR WAS A MERE SPARKLE ACROSS THE NIGHT SKY, SPACE-SLIPPING ACROSS THE GALAXY...

...ON HIS WAY TO ECSTASY, BLISSFUL GRATIFICATION... AND MARGARET!



TO MOST MEN, MARGARET SMITH WAS A LOSER... A FRUMP... A DINK! BUT MOONLIGHT FILTERED LIKE WHITE SILVER OVER HER TENDER, DELICATE FRAME, AND EDGAR SAW ONLY THE MAGNIFICENT ASTARTE HE HAD CROSSED A LAMENESS FOR LOVE!



THEY WERE SO DIFFERENT... YET SO MUCH ALIKE!

SHE AWOKE AS HE FELT THE GENTLE APPENDAGE LOVINGLY CARESS HER CHEEK! HER HEART LEAPED AT THE SIGHT OF HIM... AND HER PASSION WELLED UP INSIDE HER! SHE WANTED TO TELL HIM WHAT HAD HAPPENED... HOW HIS LOVE HAD CHANGED HER!



PERHAPS IF HE WERE NOT SO CONSUMED BY PASSION, HE WOULD HAVE SENSED IT!

BUT HIS CONCUPISCENCE WAS UNASUSPECTED... OVERBEARING! AND, LIKE AN EMPATH, MARGARET RESPONDED, DRIVEN BY THE SAME UNDENIABLE HUNGER!

THEY WERE ROMEO AND JULIET, ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA, TRISTEN AND ISOLDE, MACBETH AND NICOLETTE. THEY WERE LOVERS!



...AND WHAT MADE THEM STRONG, ALSO MADE THEM WEAK.



WHAT HAPPENED THAT GENTLE SUMMER EVENING WAS NOTHING NEW! EVERYDAY SOMEBODY'S WORLD IS SHATTERED BY THE EXTRAORDINARY POWER OF LOVE!

LOVE, STIMULATED BY ITS ROMANTIC PATTYRY, IS THE MOST DESTRUCTIVE FORCE IN THE UNIVERSE! IT IS ALSO THE MOST CREATIVE AND SUSTAINING. BECAUSE THE CHRISTIANS ARE RIGHT!

PERHAPS GOD IS LOVE AND LOVE IS GOD.

TRUE, THE ONLY WAY TO FOLLOW THEIR COSMOLOGIC ACT WAS AN ACT OF GOD!

end



# COMIC ART BOOKS!

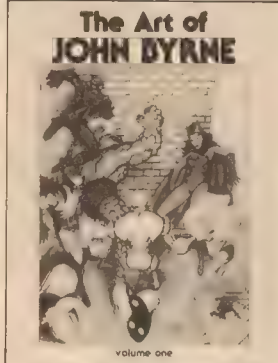
FOR MORE THAN A DECADE THE STYLISH AND HIGHLY IMAGINATIVE COMIC ILLUSTRATIONS OF NEAL ADAMS, JOHN BUSCEMA, AND JOHN BYRNE HAS CAPTURED THE IMAGINATION OF MILLIONS TIME AND TIME AGAIN! NOW WE CAN ALL TAKE A CLOSER LOOK AT THE WORK OF THESE ARTISTS!



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# GHITA

## OF ALIZARR

BY FRANK THORNE

ON THEIR RETURN TO ALIZARR, GHITA, DAHIB AND THENEF RESTED AT THE LONGSTAFF INN... WHERE THE FEATURE OF THE NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT WAS A TRICK PRESENTED BY MU-TAU, THE HUGE MINGAN GRILL COOK! MU-TAU PERFORMED THE ILLUSION OF BEHEADING TYANA, THE MUTE SCULLERY MAID, PLACING HER HEAD ON A PLATTER AND REJOINING THE HEAD TO THE TRUSTING GIRL! BUT... WHILE PASSING AMONG THE AUDIENCE WITH A PLATTER, TYANA'S HEAD **SPOKE TO GHITA!** IT WHISPERED A DIRE WARNING, TO **BEWARE THE MINGAN COOK...** TO **FLEE AND NOT RETURN TO ALIZARR!** YET, FAR FROM BEING **FRIGHTENED**, GHITA WAS **ATTRACTED** TO THE WINSOME TYANA, AND **BEDDED** HER TO GAIN MORE **INFORMATION!**

AS A LEMON MOON SOARS OVERHEAD, THE LONGSTAFF EXHALES, AND ITS BOOZY CLIENTELE FILL THE NIGHT AIR WITH TALK OF THE EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT!

MY TOES  
BE STILL CURLED  
FROM WATCHING THE  
GOLDEN-HAIRED  
WOMAN DANCE WITH  
THE SWORD!

THE BLADE  
WAS MAGICAL IN  
THE HANDS OF THE  
MINGAN COOK!

SUCH CLEVER  
CONJURY! HE IS  
AN ARTFUL  
TRICKSTER!

THE MAIN FLOOR EMPTIES AS THE NIGHT GUESTS  
RETIRE TO THE UPPER ROOMS!

TYANA DOES HER CHORES UNDER THE WATCHFUL EYE  
OF THE HULKING MINGAN!

CAUTION, GHITA!  
IF THERE BE  
SCHEMES AFOOT, THE  
SPEECHLESS MAID  
MAY BE PART  
OF THEM!

I THINK NOT! SHE IS  
TENDERHEARTED, YET WARY,  
AND CAN USE HER TONGUE  
FOR MORE THAN A CANDLE  
OF ECSTASY!

EVEN SO, I'LL  
HAVE A DIRK UNDER  
MY PILLOW! AND YOU  
BE AT READY... EACH  
WITH A GOOD  
BLADE!



"TYANA WILL BE PLEASED TO JOIN YOU IN YOUR ROOM!" GOGO PROCLAIMS AS HE REFUSES GHITA'S OFFER OF PAYMENT!

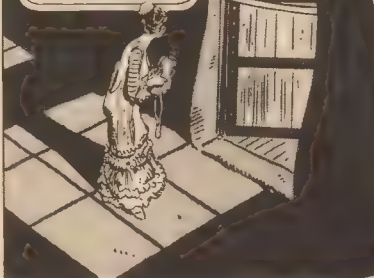
NEITHER SHE  
NOR I WOULD  
TAKE COIN IN  
SUCH DISCREET  
MATTERS!

SHE WILL  
BRING WITH HER  
A COSTREL OF  
PASSION WINE,  
WITH MY HEARTY  
COMPLIMENTS!



HER LAST TASK FINISHED, TYANA SCRUBS AND PRETTIES, THEN CLIMBS THE STAIRS TO GHITA'S QUARTERS!

ENTER, SILENT  
FLOWER! A FIRE  
RUNS LIKE A THIEF  
THROUGH MY BODY!



SECURE THE DOOR  
BEHIND YOU, SILENT  
FLOWER! IT BE STOUT  
ENOUGH TO KEEP US AT  
OUR PLEASURE WITHOUT  
INTERRUPTION!

I HAVE  
LOTIONED MY  
BODY AND MY  
CUP FOR YOU,  
SILENT  
FLOWER!



FOR WE WOULD DRINK  
WINE FROM EACH OTHER'S CUP,  
AS COMMANDS LESSBITH, THE  
GODDESS OF WOMAN-LOVING!



HUSH, LUMMOXI!  
YOU BE NOISY AS A  
LIMP MOOSE IN  
CLIMBING STAIRS!



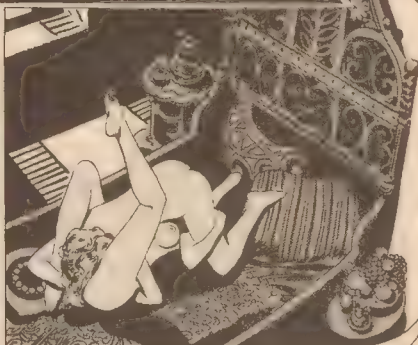


THE HALFTROLL AND THE WIZARD TAKE THEIR POSITIONS IN THE HALL OUTSIDE OF GHITA'S ROOM!

THE DOOR BE  
AS SOLID AS THE  
LID OF AN IRON  
COFFIN!

SHHHHHHHH!

INSIDE, THE TWO WOMEN COME TOGETHER ON THE MOON-SWEPT BED!



FASTER! GOD  
FASTER! OH, GOD  
DON'T STOP, OH  
GOD, GOD...

RELAX, SWEET  
FLOWER! GHITA  
KNOWS YOU CAN  
SPEAK!

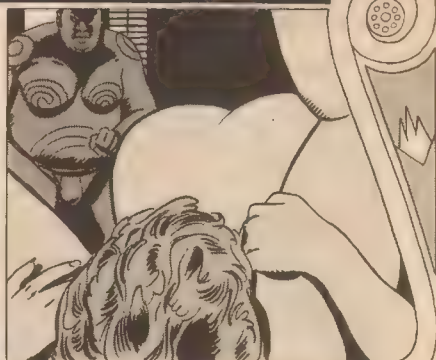
OUTSIDE, A MAMMOTH FIGURE CROUCHES ON THE SLOPING ROOF AND LISTENS NEAR THE WINDOW!



THE WOMEN SPEAK BRIEFLY AND AGAIN ARE ENTWINED IN SUBLIME EMBRACE! IN THE FRENZY OF LOVE-MAKING, MU-TAU SILENTLY ENTERS THE ROOM!

TELL ME OF THE MINGAN, SWEET FLOWER, AND OF PLOTS AS YOU KNOW OF THEM!

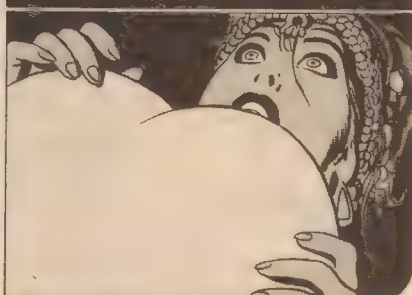
MORE! MORE! MORE! MORE! NOW'S TIME TO USE OUR TONGUES FOR LOVING!



THE MINGAN, WITH HIS ARM COCKED IN KUNG-KAI POSITION, APPROACHES THE BED!



TYANA MOMENTARILY PAUSES, AS THE SHADOW OF DOOM CROSSES HER LOVELY FEATURES!



MU-TAU EXECUTES A KAKUNG-KAI CHOP, INSTANTLY KILLING GHITA'S SWEET FLOWER!

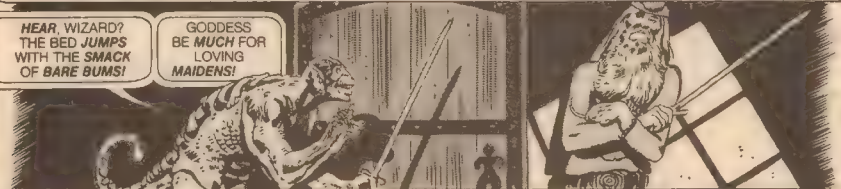




LOYAL DAHIB PROUDLY INTERPRETS THE MUFFLED SOUNDS FROM BEHIND THE CHAMBER DOOR!

HEAR, WIZARD?  
THE BED JUMPS  
WITH THE SMACK  
OF BARE BUMS!

GODDESS  
BE MUCH FOR  
LOVING  
MAIDENS!



GHITA IS HOISTED AWAY FROM THE LIFELESS BODY, AND SWUNG HIGH OVER THE MINGAN'S HEAD!

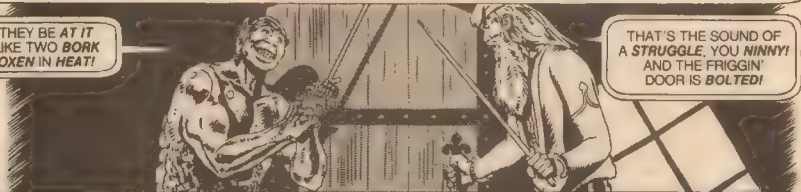


MU-TAU TOSSES HER OVER THE BLOOD-SOAKED BED AND UNTIES HIS BULGING BREECHCLOTH!



THEY BE AT IT  
LIKE TWO BORK  
OXEN IN HEAT!

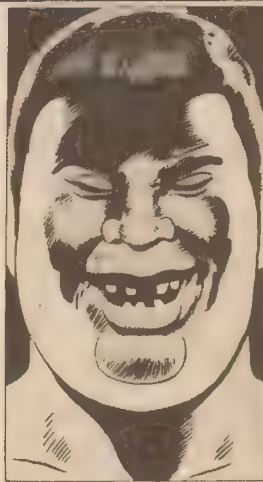
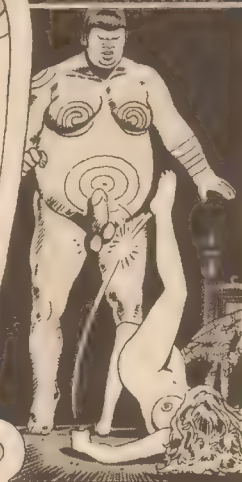
THAT'S THE SOUND OF  
A STRUGGLE, YOU NINNY!  
AND THE FRIGGIN'  
DOOR IS BOLTED!



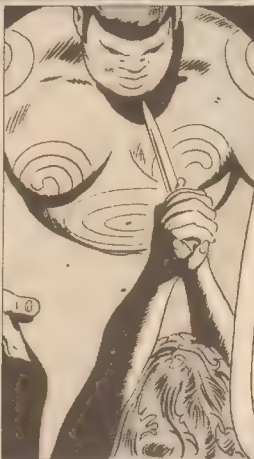
THENEF TUGS AT THE DOOR HANDLE AGAIN, THEN ORDERS DAHIB TO BREAK IT DOWN!



GHITA SAVAGELY KICKS MU-TAU'S PENDULOUS ORGAN! THE MINGAN IS...IMPRESSED!



OBVIOUS OF THE ATTEMPTED RESCUE, MU-TAU SEIZES THE WOMAN AND PLUMBS HER WITH LEADEN THRUSTS! GHITA DOGGEDLY ENDURES THE ELEPHANTINE MINGAN, AS ONE FURTIVELY GRIPS HER HAND UNDER THE BED PILLOW!





THE DIRK FINDS ITS MARK! GHITA THRUSTS! AGAIN! AGAIN AND AGAIN!



SHE WATCHES IN AWE AS THE DYING FORM CHANGES SHAPE AND TURNS TO DUST!



GHITA GATHERS TYANA'S LIFELESS BODY INTO HER ARMS AS DAHD'S STRENGTH PREVAILS!



THENEF AND THE HALFTROLL LISTEN AS GHITA DETAILS THE EVENING'S GRIM EVENTS!

AS THE MINGAN WAS DYING HE SPOKE IN AN URDISH TONGUE! THEN HE IT CHANGED BENEATH ME!

IT BECAME A MULTI-ARMED MONSTER IN THE GARB OF A CROWN SORCERER THEN VANISHED INTO DUST!



RAHMUZI!

BUT WHY WOULD THE ARCHMAGE OF URD TAKE THE FORM OF A MINGAN COOK? TO WHAT END?



HE SAID HE WOULD HAVE ME AND SPOKE OF MADNESS! AM I MAD, THENEF?

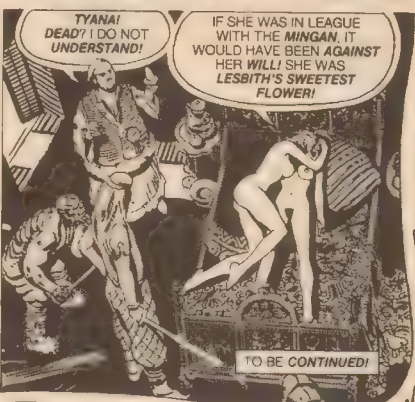
GHITA! FRIENDS! WHAT HAS HAPPENED?

AM I?



TYANA! DEAD? I DO NOT UNDERSTAND!

IF SHE WAS IN LEAGUE WITH THE MINGAN, IT WOULD HAVE BEEN AGAINST HER WILL! SHE WAS LESBITH'S SWEETEST FLOWER!



TO BE CONTINUED!



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LISA STARED INTO THE HOLLOW EYESOCKETS OF THE FOSSILIZED SKULL, TRYING TO FEEL THE PAIN, THE FEAR, THE HELPLESSNESS THAT MUST HAVE WHOLLY CONSUMED THE UNCOMPREHENDING, ANIMALISTIC BRAIN OF THE SIX MILLION YEAR OLD WOMAN AS SHE LAY DYING!

WHAT HAD IT BEEN LIKE, SHE WONDERED, TO LIVE IN THIS SAVAGE EDEN WHEN THE EARTH WAS STILL YOUNG WHEN HUMANKIND WAS JUST BEGINNING TO DESCEND FROM THE TREES? WHAT WAS IT LIKE TO HUNT...TO BE HUNTED IN A WORLD OF PREDATORY KILLERS?

# ANGEL!


LISA KNEW THAT THAT THE ANSWERS TO SUCH QUESTIONS WERE FOREVER BEYOND HER EXPERIENCE AS AN INTELLIGENT LIBERATED AND FREETHINKING WOMAN WITH AN ARCHAEOLOGICAL DOCTORATE FROM COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY!

YET, IT WAS TO ANSWER THESE VERY QUESTIONS THAT BROUGHT HER TO AFRICA'S OLDUVAI GORGE, THE BIRTHPLACE OF MAN!

THIS IS THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL FIND OF THE DECADE, LISA! HOMO HABILIS, WITHOUT QUESTION! MORE COMPLETELY INTACT THAN ANY WE'VE EVER BEFORE UNEARTHED!

AND IN A DIG THAT'S AT LEAST SIX MILLION YEARS OLD! CHRIS... THAT MAKES THESE THE OLDEST HUMANOID REMAINS EVER FOUND!





INSTANTLY,  
EXCITEMENT WAS  
TRANSFORMED TO  
UTTER HORROR AS  
THE DENSE UNDER-  
BRUSH BURST OPEN,  
AND GIBBERING,  
SCREECHING  
SAVAGES THRUST  
FORTH FROM THE  
OPPRESSIVE  
FOLIAGE!

WHAAA-!?

CHRIS!  
OH, CHRIS...  
HELP MEEEE!

CLUTCHING BLACK HANDS CLAWED, PULLED,  
TORE AT THE SCIENTISTS AS NEANDERTHALISTIC  
FOREST APPARITIONS, SCREECHING LIKE DEATH,  
BRINGING BANSHEES, DRAGGED THE SCREAMING  
COUPLE INTO THE CLOYING JUNGLE!

AS QUICKLY AS THEY APPEARED, THE BRUTAL SAVAGES  
WERE GONE, SWALLOWED WHOLLY BY THE THICK  
VEGETATION! AGAIN THE JUNGLE WAS SILENT, AND A  
WOMAN WHO HAD LAIN UNDISTURBED FOR SIX MILLION  
YEARS WAS LEFT TO HER ETERNAL SLEEP!

THE GORGE, TOO, SLEPT, UNDISTURBED FOR THE MOMENT BY THE PREDATORS WHOSE SOLE THOUGHT WAS TO FILL THEIR EMPTY BELLIES! THEN, SUDDENLY, THE HEAVENS THEMSELVES BEGAN TO SWIRL IN OMINOUS WONDER! THUNDER RIPPLED THROUGH THE HUMID JUNGLE AIR! THE ATMOSPHERE CRACKLED WITH ETHERAL ELECTROMAGNETIC ENERGY! THE VELDT CREATURE FROZE, STARING IN STARK TERROR, THEIR EVERY INSTINCT SCREAMING THAT DANGER WAS ABOUT TO ERUPT WITHIN THEIR TRANQUIL WORLD!

A SECOND THUNDER CLAP SHREDDED THE PERFUMED WIND! A BOLT OF BLINDING LIGHTNING RIPPED THE FABRIC OF TIME AND SPACE! A SMALL TEAR IN THE AEROSPHERE SLOWLY BEGAN TO EXPAND, REVEALING THE INFINITE COSMOS! AND THE OMINOUS DARKNESS OF NIGHT SLUGGISHLY SUCKED DAYLIGHT INTO AN EVER-ENLARGING HOLE, UNVEILING THE DARK, MYSTERIOUS VOID OF DEEP SPACE!

SUDDENLY, TWO STRANGELY-UNIFORM CREATURES LEAPED FROM THE CABALISTS BEYOND, ONTO THE FERTILE GREEN CARPET OF EDEM.

RUG  
DIGG  
RUF  
YUG

"IT'S HOT AND HUMID, NOXIOUS AND REPULSIVE... AND UTTERLY FESTERING WITH THINGS THAT WANT TO EAT YOU!"

OH APE...  
IT'S BEAUTIFUL!  
IT'S EVERYTHING THE STAR BIBLE EVER CLAIMED IT TO BE! LUSH AND PRIMITIVE, MYSTERIOUS, YET, RICH WITH PROMISE!



WHICH IS WHY  
WE'RE **HERE**, APE! TO  
FIND OUT WHAT'S GONE **WRONG**  
WITH THIS PLANET'S  
**EVOLUTION!**

TUB  
OHOR  
OW

\*AGHHH! IT'S  
GOOD TO GET OUT OF  
THAT SPACE JUMPER AND  
INTO A DECENT WORKING  
UNIFORM!

THE **LIFEFORMS**  
OF THIS PLANET EVOLVED  
FROM THE STANDARD **LIFE**  
**SEEDS** SOWN BY OUR UNIVERSAL  
**BIO-FARMERS**. MILLIONS OF  
**EONS** AGO! YET, WITH FEW  
**EXCEPTIONS**, SOME **UNKNOWN**  
**FACTOR** HAS CAUSED EVERY  
CREATURE ON THIS WORLD TO  
EVOLVE INTO **CONSUMERS**  
OF **LIVING FLESH!**

\*HOW  
DISGUSTING!

GUG  
HEU GUG  
GTRUG

IT'S WORSE  
THAN YOU THINK, APE!  
THESE CREATURES ARE NOT  
ONLY THE **SOLE LIFEFORMS** IN  
THE COSMOS WHO **EAT** ONE ANOTHER...  
BUT THE MOST **ADVANCED** SPECIES OF  
THIS WORLD **CHAR** THE FLESH  
WITH **FIRE** BEFORE  
IT'S CONSUMED!

HGIF  
TGHNR  
OGRID

\*PLEASE ANGEL!  
YOU'RE MAKING  
ME ILL!

WE'VE GOT TO  
**ANALYZE** THESE CREATURES  
TO FIND OUT WHAT WENT AWAY IN  
THEIR LONG ASCENT UP THE  
**EVOLUTIONARY LADDER!**


FURTHER WE  
MUST ASCERTAIN WHETHER  
THEIR **DISGUSTINGLY DEGENERATIVE**  
**HABITS** CAN BE REVERSED SO THAT THIS  
LOST PARADISE CAN BE RECLAIMED  
BY THE **UNIVERSAL**  
**BROTHERHOOD...**

OR IF WE  
ARE TO **CONTINUE** THE  
QUARANTINE WHICH **ISOLATES** THIS  
WOULD-BE **EDEN** FROM ITS  
**STAR NEIGHBORS!**

\*THEN LET'S GET IT OVER WITH SO WE CAN  
GET OUT OF HERE, DOLLFACE! I GET  
**SHIVERS** JUST KNOWING THAT ANY  
NUMBER OF **BEASTIES** ARE OUT THERE  
**RIGHT NOW**, SCHEMING TO **CHOMP DOWN**  
ON MY DELICATE LITTLE BONES!

ANDAD  
BRRRR  
RUDN





A WARM JUNGLE BREEZE WHIPPED THROUGH THE TREETOPS AS THE STAR-CROSSED COMPANIONS SOARED ALONG THE LOWER BRANCHES!

SUDDENLY, THEY WERE HALTED IN THEIR TRACKS, BY THE STACCATO RHYTHM OF NEARBY DRUMS! "THAT MUST BE THE DOMINANT LIFEFORM OF THIS WORLD," ANGEL WHISPERED! THE MONSTROUS APE SMILED, NODDED, THEN, WITH A MISCHIEVOUS TWINKLE IN HIS EYE, DARTED OFF IN THE DIRECTION OF THE NATIVE ENCAMPMENT!

IN THE TANGLED MIMOSA TREE OVERHEAD, TWO NAKED FORMS WATCHED THE UNFOLDING DRAMA, THEIR BODIES GLISTENING IN THE MOONLIGHT!

"FLESHEATERS," ANGEL WHISPERED, "ABOUT TO INDULGE IN THE PRIMITIVE RITUAL OF CANNIBALISM!" THOUGH SHE HAD STUDIED THEM FROM AFAR SINCE SHE WAS A MERE NESTLING, THE STARBORN CHILD WAS AWED AT HER FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE SAVAGE HUMANS!

MYSTERIOUS LIGHT-SKINNED SAVAGES DANCED IN FRENZIED ABANDON AROUND A RAGING BONFIRE! A WOMAN SCREAMED AS SHE WAS DRAGGED FROM A RUDE GRASS HUT! HER FIANCE STRUGGLED ANGRILY, CURSING THE SAVAGES WHO HAD TAKEN THEM CAPTIVE!


THE HULKING APE GAGGED AT THE SIGHT OF THE FLESHEATERS, AT THE COUNTLESS BONES LITTERING THEIR CAMP, AND AT THE PUNGENT STENCH OF FRESHLY-KILLED MEAT ROASTING OVER OPEN FIRES! HIS BRAIN REELED IN REVULSION! NAUSEA SCRATCHED AT THE PIT OF HIS STOMACH! "I'M GOING TO BE SICK," THE BURLY BEASTMAN CROAKED IN HIS RASPY NATIVE TONGUE!

NO, APE! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM!

CLUBBING! CRUSHING! HOKING!

"GROANI" WHY DO I ALWAYS PULL THE SHIT DETAILS?






THE SCREECHING NATIVES  
**DROGGED** THE TERRIFIED **LISA**  
TOWARDS A BLOOD-  
SPATTERED **BOULDER!** THE  
WOMAN **SCREAMED**, STRUGGL-  
ING **DESPERATELY** TO **DELAY**  
WHAT SHE KNEW TO BE THE  
**INEVITABLE!**

THEN, AS THE NATIVES PASSED  
BENEATH THE **MIMOSA**, THE  
BRONZE GIANT **SWUNG** INTO  
THEIR PATH! HIS GLISTENING  
FANGS **GNASHING SAVAGELY**. HIS  
SUDDEN APPEARANCE **STARTL-**  
ING THE TRIBESMEN EVEN AS  
HIS GUTTURAL **GROWLS** SENT  
**SHIVERS OF FEAR** COURSING  
THROUGH THEIR VEINS!

OOOG!  
OOGA!  
OOOGA  
BOOGA!

"**AIEEEEE!** IT IS A **DEVIL**  
**WRAITH,**" SCREAMED A QUAV-  
ERING NATIVE AS HE STARED INTO  
THE **SLASHING FANGS** OF THE  
STARBORN **BEASTMAN!** A CRY  
OF **ALARM** SHOT THROUGH THE  
VILLAGE, AND HEAD AFTER  
BLACK MANED HEAD **WHIRLED**  
TO SEE THE FRIGHTENING  
VISAGE OF THE **GIBBERING**  
**OGRE!**



A BURLY, FILTH-CRUSTED CHIEFTAIN  
GROWLED, SCREECHING INSANELY, A  
DOZEN SHRIEKING SAVAGES LUNGED  
FOR THE SPACEMAN!

APE!  
LOOK  
OUT!!

RIG  
HUMPER!

\*NOT TO WORRY,  
PRINCESS! THEY MAY LOOK  
FORMIDABLE, BUT NOT A  
ONE OF THEM HAS THE  
GOD-GIVEN BRAINS OF A  
RIGILLIAN MUD-HUMPER!

D-3-G

\*YOU JUST LEAVE THEM  
TO ME, DOLFFACE! I'VE SEEN  
ENOUGH OLD EARTH  
MOVIES TO KNOW THAT  
ONCE YOU SEVERELY  
INCAPACITATE THEIR LEADER,  
THE REST OF THESE JIVE-  
DANCING JUNGLE BUNNIES  
ARE PUTTY IN YOUR HANDS!





RUH  
UHGHFF  
TGHGKB  
LGHF\*

\*HEY! I'M YOUR  
BODYGUARD, SWEET-  
CAKES, REMEMBER? I'M  
JUST PROTECTING YOU  
FROM THESE PLUG-  
UGLIES IN THE MOST  
POETICALLY JUSTIFIABLE  
WAY I KNOW!

GOD HELP  
US, CHRIS! IT...  
IT'S A NIGHT-  
MARE!

EASY,  
LISA! I THINK  
THAT MONSTER IS  
TRYING TO  
HELP US!

IF YOU SAY SO,  
APE! BUT TRY NOT TO DO  
TOO MUCH DAMAGE, HUH?  
I SPENT A WEEK PATCHING UP  
YOUR VICTIMS THE LAST TIME  
YOU WENT ON ONE OF YOUR  
LITTLE BLOOD SPREES!

AIEEEEE!

KRUNCH!

OH, APE! NOW  
LOOK WHAT YOU'VE  
DONE! YOU'VE BITTEN  
OFF THAT POOR  
MAN'S ARM!

UHH  
TGHG  
CHY\*

\*POOR MAN!? OF ALL  
THE MISDIRECTED  
SYMPATHY! I'M THE ONE  
WHO FEELS LIKE HE'S  
GONNA DIE!



PTUIII!

\*GAAAAAG! JUST ONE TASTE OF  
ELBOW ALA CARTE. AND I'M  
READY TO UPCHUCK THAT  
DELICIOUS CHLOROPHYLL SOU-  
FLE YOU DISHED UP FOR LUNCH!

UHH  
CLUNK! CLUNK!  
GYANT!

YOU REALLY  
MUST LEARN TO BE  
MORE TACTFUL, YOU BIG  
LUG! YOUR JOCK SIZE  
ALONE IS ENOUGH TO  
GIVE THESE PATHETIC  
EARTH CREATURES  
NIGHTMARES!

YOU REALLY  
DON'T HAVE TO GO AROUND  
GNAWING OFF PEOPLE'S  
LIMBS!

\*YOU'RE  
TELLING ME!  
\*GAGG! HAKK!  
PUKE!\*

AND I'LL WHIP  
UP A LITTLE OLD-  
FASHIONED BIOREPAIRATIVE  
ENERGY THAT'LL HAVE  
YOU GOOD AS NEW IN  
NO TIME AT ALL!

DON'T BE AFRAID,  
CHIEF! APE'S A NAUGHTY  
BOY. BUT HE WON'T HURT  
YOU ANYMORE! THE BIG  
BOZO CAN'T STAND THE  
SIGHT OF BLOOD!

NOW YOU  
JUST LET ME  
HAVE THAT NASTY  
OLD STUMP!

CHRIS! OH  
GOD, CHRIS! IT  
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! BUT  
THAT GIRL—! SHE'S  
REGENERATING THAT  
MAN'S ARM... MAKING  
IT GROW BACK!

SHE'S  
SOME  
KIND OF  
PSYCHIC  
HEALER!



BLOO  
BOOGAA  
OOOGA  
MOOOR!

OH, APE!  
HIS GRAMMAR'S WORSE  
THAN YOURS! YOU'RE THE  
LANGUAGE EXPERT HERE!  
WHAT'S HE SAYING?

I DON'T KNOW  
HOW SHE DID IT OR WHAT  
SHE IS, LISA! BUT SHE'S GOT  
THOSE NEANDERTHALS EATING  
OUT OF HER HAND!

BUU  
THUGG  
THUGG

\*AW, C'MON, ANGEL!  
I DON'T WANT TO  
HAVE TO TALK THAT  
JIGABOO SOUL SHIT!

APE!

\*ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT!  
I DON'T HAVE ALL OF THE  
SUBTLE GUTTURAL INFLEC-  
TIONS DOWN PAT, BUT AS I  
UNDERSTAND IT, HE'S PLEDG-  
ING HIS ETERNAL LOYALTY  
AND UNDYING GROVELING  
SERVITUDE!

BUU  
HUUUU  
THUGG  
HUU


GRH\*

\*AND TO SHOW HIS  
APPRECIATION FOR THE  
PATCH JOB YOU DID ON  
HIS PAW, YOU CAN  
HAVE YOUR CHOICE OF  
HIS FIRST BORN ON A  
SESAME SEED BUN OR  
HONEY POURED ALL  
OVER YOUR TAUT  
LITTLE LOVEBOX AND  
LICKED CLEAN BY EACH  
OF HIS HAPPY  
HEADHUNTERS IN  
TURN!

HE SAID  
THAT?

JEDD  
THUGG  
GRTJJ

\*WELL, THAT OR HE  
THINKS YOU'RE SOME  
KIND OF WHITE  
JUNGLE GODDESS!  
MY JIGABOO'S A  
LITTLE RUSTY!



LOOK, CHIEF...  
IF YOU REALLY WANT  
TO SHOW YOUR UNDYING  
APPRECIATION, YOU'LL  
SWEAR OFF YOUR  
ALL-PROTEIN DIET!

HERE! I'VE  
GOT SOMETHING THAT'S  
JUST AS TASTY...AND HELPS  
BUILD STRONG BODIES  
TWELVE WAYS!

ATOMIC ELEMENTS SWIRLED  
TOGETHER AT THE  
SLIGHTEST TOUCH OF THE  
STARCHILD'S MIRACULOUS  
HANDS! INSTANTLY, A TINY  
FUNGUS SPROUTED LIKE A  
BUDDING SEED WITHIN THE  
FERTILE EARTH!

WITH RADIANT WAVES OF  
STELLAR ENERGY POURING  
FROM THE GIRL'S FINGERS,  
THE SEED BEGAN TO GROW  
INTO A LIVING, MOVING,  
MULTI-STEMMED  
MUSHROOM!

IT'S CALLED A  
RIGILLIAN MUSHMOOROOM!  
IT LOOKS LIKE LIVING  
FLESH, TASTES LIKE FILET  
MIGNON, AND MIXES UP INTO  
THE NIFTIEST QUICHE  
LORRAINE YOU'VE  
EVER SEEN!

BUT IT'S ONE  
HUNDRED PERCENT PLANT  
LIFE! BEST WAY I KNOW TO  
GO COLD TURKEY, SO TO SPEAK,  
FROM AN ALL-MEAT, TO A MORE  
SENSIBLE AND FAR LESS  
GROTESQUE, WHOLE-  
PLANT DIET!



HERE! TRY  
A BITE! YOU WON'T  
FIND ANYTHING LIKE  
THIS AT THE GOLDEN  
ARCHES!

OOOOOH!

OOOOOH?

MMFLGGB!

MMMMMM!  
GUUUUD!

SEE? DIDN'T  
I TELL YOU? AND  
THE BEST PART IS THAT  
THE LITTLE BEGGARS ARE  
PROLIFIC AS ALL  
GET OUT!

EVERY TIME  
YOU TURN AROUND,  
THERE'S ANOTHER DOZEN  
OR SO SPROUTING UP RIGHT  
UNDER YOUR LITTLE  
SIMIAN NOSES!


AND IF YOU  
EVER GET TIRED OF  
EATING THEM... WHICH IS  
NIGH UNTO IMPOSSIBLE... YOU  
CAN FONDLE THEM INTO  
TOTAL ECSTASY!

THEY'RE MORE  
VOLUPTUOUSLY ALLURING  
THAN ANY OF YOUR  
INFAMOUS EARTHEN  
LATEX DOLLS!

LAYYY  
TEXX?

DLLLLL?

MMMM!



AT THE MERE **SUGGESTION** OF CARNAL DIVERSIONS, THE APEISH NEANDERTHALS **POUNCED** ONTO THE SHMOO-LIKE MUSHROOM CREATURES IN UNISON... SOME **RIPPING, TEARING, STUFFING** THE TANTALIZING PHALLIC-LIKE STEMS AND RIPE, ROUND SPHERICLES INTO THEIR MOUTHS...

...OTHERS COMMENCING OBSCENE **BODY ULULATIONS** WHILE EMITTING LOW, GUTTURAL **MOANS OF DELIGHT**, AS THEY **CARESSED** THE INTENSELY EROTIC PLANTS IN WAYS THAT ARE MORE OR LESS SOCIALLY **UNACCEPTABLE** THROUGHOUT THE COSMOS!

NOW, APE!  
LET'S GET OUT  
OF HERE WHILE  
WE CAN!

HJUGD  
(G'ERTHJHU)  
NT RK

\*YOU DON'T HAVE TO  
TELL ME **TWICE**,  
SWEETNUBS! MERE  
**INTERCOURSE** WITH  
THESE FLESH-SUCKING  
DEGENERATES WAS  
MAKING ME BREAK INTO  
**HIVES!**

TAKING **ADVANTAGE** OF THE  
MOMENTARY DIVERSION,  
**ANGEL** AND HER HULKING  
BODYGUARD **SNATCHED** UP  
THE ARCHAEOLOGISTS WHO  
HAD BEEN TAKEN  
CAPTIVE...AND **SPURTED** INTO  
THE TANGLED UNDERBRUSH,  
RUSHING **HEADLONG** INTO  
THE SAFETY OF THE  
PEACEFUL JUNGLE NIGHT!



LATER, WHEN THE SCIENTISTS WERE  
SAFELY BACK AT THEIR DIG, AND  
THE BIRTHDAY-SOBBED STAR CHILD  
HAD HAD A CHANGE OF ANSWER  
TO THEIR AVALANCHE OF QUESTIONS...

...AND FINALLY  
WE'RE RESCUED BY A MERE  
WHISP OF A CHILD AND HER PET  
MONSTER, WHO BOTH JUST HAPPEN  
TO BE NAKED AS A PAIR OF JAYBIRDS,  
AND WHO CLAIM THEY'RE FROM A RACE  
WHICH CULTIVATES BIOGENETICALLY  
TAILOR-MADE LIFE FOR  
PLANETS THROUGHOUT THE  
SUNDRIED COSMOS!

I DON'T  
THINK THE  
UNIVERSITY'S GOING  
TO BELIEVE  
ANY OF IT!

NOT TO WORRY!  
ONCE THEY SEE APE'S  
FRESHLY-GNAWED TOOTH PRINTS  
IN YOUR SIX-MILLION YEAR OLD  
FOSSIL THEY'LL BE READY TO  
BELIEVE ANYTHING!

INCREDIBLE! FIRST  
WE UNEARTH THE OLDEST  
HUMANOID FOSSIL IN EXISTENCE...  
THEN WE'RE ABDUCTED BY A LOST  
TRIBE OF LIGHT-SKINNED SAVAGES,  
WHO MAY OR MAY NOT HAVE BEEN  
CANNIBALS FOR GOD ONLY  
KNOWS WHAT ILICIT  
PURPOSES...

NO!  
HE... HE'S  
NOT--!

OH, DON'T MIND  
HIM! HE'S REALLY A  
VERY INTELLIGENT CREATURE!  
AND DARN NEAR HOUSEBROKEN,  
TOO! HE JUST LIKES TO  
SHOCK FOLKS WITH HIS  
ILL-MANNERS!

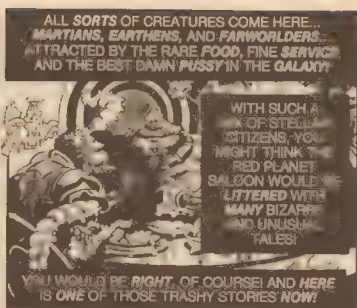
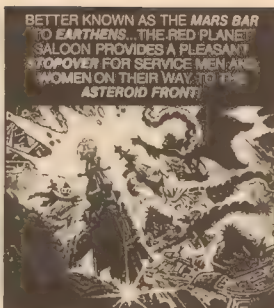
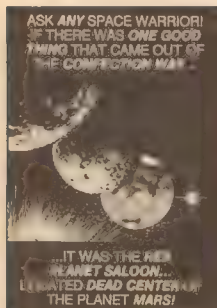
ACTUALLY, HE  
CAN'T STAND THAT BONE!  
AND RIGHT ABOUT NOW, HE'S  
READY TO HEAVE HIS  
GUTS OUT!

TIG  
TIG  
GRRH

\*OH,  
ANGEL, YOU  
NEVER LET  
ME HAVE  
ANY FUN!

THAT'S NOT SO,  
APE! WE'RE GOING TO  
HAVE A LOT OF FUN ON  
THIS PLANET! JUST YOU  
WAIT AND SEE!

end



# MARS BAR TALES OF THE RED PLANET SALOON

ONE OF THE EARLIEST TALES OF THE **RED PLANET SALOON** TOOK PLACE AROUND THE TIME THE TERRIBLE **CONFECTION WAR** BROKE OUT! **PLUTONIAN INVADERS** HAD JUST STARTED USING **P.U. GAS** ON THE MARTIAN BATTLEFIELD...A SICKENINGLY SWEET GAS SAID TO BE **ONE HUNDRED TIMES MORE TOXIC** THAN THE FUMES FROM **JUICY FRUIT GUM!**

AS **THOUSANDS** OF MARTIAN **G.I.S** SUCCEEDED TO THE DEADLY CANDY-BASED GAS, **MARS H.Q.** DECIDED TO CALL IN THEIR **BEST SCIENTIST...MAJOR SNELSON SNORT!** ENROUTE TO THE **ASTEROID FRONT**, SNORT THOUGHT HE WOULD TRY **ONE MORE TIME** TO WIN THE HEART OF A **RED SALOON GIRL** NAMED **SLUT!** BUT, AS USUAL, **SLUT** WAS NOT IMPRESSED!

**SLUT**, BEFORE YOU SAY "**NO**" AGAIN, LISTEN TO ME! I'M BEING SHIPPED OFF TO THE **FRONT** IN **FORTY-EIGHT HOURS!** I MAY NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN!

NOW, I MAY NOT MAKE A LOT OF MONEY, BUT I CAN MAKE YOU COMFORTABLE!

AT LEAST, IT'LL GET YOU OUT OF THIS PLACE! THINK OF YOUR FUTURE, **SLUT!**

HMM! **WIDOW'S PENSION?** AND YOU'RE GOING TO THE **FRONT**, YOU SAY?

EVEN IF YOU DON'T LOVE ME NOW, THINK OF THE **PRACTICAL ADVANTAGES!** THERE'S **ARMY BONUSES...PX PRIVILEGES...AND A WIDOW'S PENSION** FOR YOU, SHOULD I BE KILLED IN ACTION!

YEAH, OKAY, **SNELSON!** I'LL MARRY YOU! WHAT THE HELL!

**YAHOO!** MY GIRL'S FINALLY CONSENTED!

YOU WON'T BE SORRY YOU DID THIS, **SLUT!** HONEY! WHEN THE **ARMY** BUYS MY INVENTION, I'M GOING TO BECOME VERY WEALTHY!

HOW "PANT" IS IT "GRUNT", MY LOVE?

THE **MARRIAGE CEREMONY** TOOK PLACE THE VERY NEXT DAY! IT WAS UNDOUBTEDLY THE **HAPPIEST DAY** OF **SNORT'S LIFE!** **SLUT** FELT OKAY, TOO!

DO YOU TAKE THIS MAN FOR YOUR HUSBAND, **SLUT?** SAY..."I DO!"

AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, SHE'S MINE AT LAST!

REALLY? THAT'S VERY INTERESTING, **SNELSON!** I MUST ME MORE!

WHAT? OH, SORRY, **SNELSON!** I MUST HAVE DOZED OFF!

YEAH, SURE! WHAT THE HELL!



MEANWHILE, THE GREAT CONFECTION WAR CONTINUED, SPREADING GOUT, DIABETES, AND TERMINAL ACNE THROUGHOUT THE OUTER SOLAR SYSTEM! NO WEAPON WAS TOO HARSH, NO SCHEME TOO UNDERHANDED, IN THIS GRUESOME WAR OF EMPTY CALORIES!

CHEW ON THIS APPLE, PANDOWDY RAY, CANDY ASS!

AAGGH! MEDICI! BRING SALTEENS...! MILK...! SOMETHING BLAND! I'M BLACKING OUT!

AT THE ARMY RESEARCH LAB, MAJOR SNORT MADE SELECTIVE AUTOPSIES OF THE LATEST INFLUX OF CASUALTIES.

WHILE, BACK ON MARS, SLUT WAS ALREADY GETTING ANTSY ABOUT BEING AN ARMY WIFE, AND DECIDED TO CHECK OUT THE ACTION AT THE RED PLANET SALOON! HER EYES LOCKED ON TO COLONEL MAX MUNGO, WHO, BY COINCIDENCE, WAS ALSO MAJOR SNORT'S COMMANDING OFFICER, PRESENTLY ENROUTE TO THE FRONTLINES HIMSELF!

GOUT... HYPOGLYCEMIA... TOOTH DECAY! IT'S GETTING WORSE! THIS MAN HAS BEEN DROPPED BY A FROOT LOOPS MORTAR ROUND!

THE TIME HAS COME TO UNVEIL MY SECRET WEAPON TO THE ARMY!

ANYBODY 'ROUND HERE GOT A LIGHT FOR A LONELY GIRL?

IT JUST HAPPENS I HAVE A LIGHT ON HAND FOR JUST SUCH EMERGENCIES!

SLICK AS A WANG SNAKE, COLONEL MUNGO MADE HIS MOVE!

WHAT'S YOUR NAME, DOLLFACE?

SLUT SNORT! HUSBAND'S MAJOR SNEELSON SNORT! Y'KNOW HIM?

OH, JESUS! OH, GOD! YOU'RE MUCH BETTER THAN MY HUSBAND COULD EVER HOPE TO BE, COLONEL!

LISTEN, BABE! WE'VE GOT SUCH A GOOD THING GOING HERE. LET'S STAY IN TOUCH!

SURE, I KNOW MAJOR SNORT! HE'S IN MY COMMAND!

BUT SNORT'S NOT HERE NOW! SO HOW'S ABOUT YOU AND ME MAKING SUCK-FACE UNTIL MY TROOP SHIP ARRIVES TOMORROW?

I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER ASK!

WHILE, MILLIONS OF MILES AWAY, IN THE ASTEROID BELT, MAJOR SNORT BEGAN HIS STRANGE EXPERIMENT!

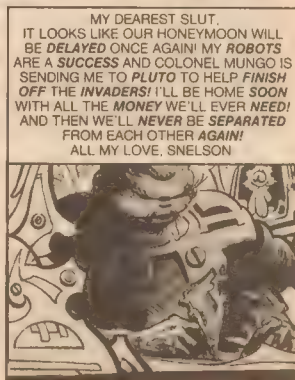
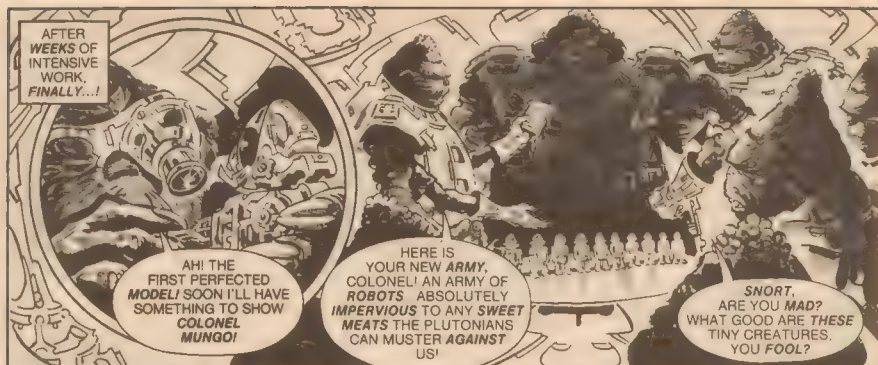
MARTIANS ARE JUST NOT STRONG ENOUGH TO HANDLE A CONSTANT ONSLAUGHT OF FRENCH CRULLERS AND PINEAPPLE UPSIDE-DOWN CAKES!

SO THE PROBLEM IS TO CREATE AN ARMY THAT CAN WITHSTAND ALL THE COTTON CANDY THE PLUTONIANS CAN THROW AT US!

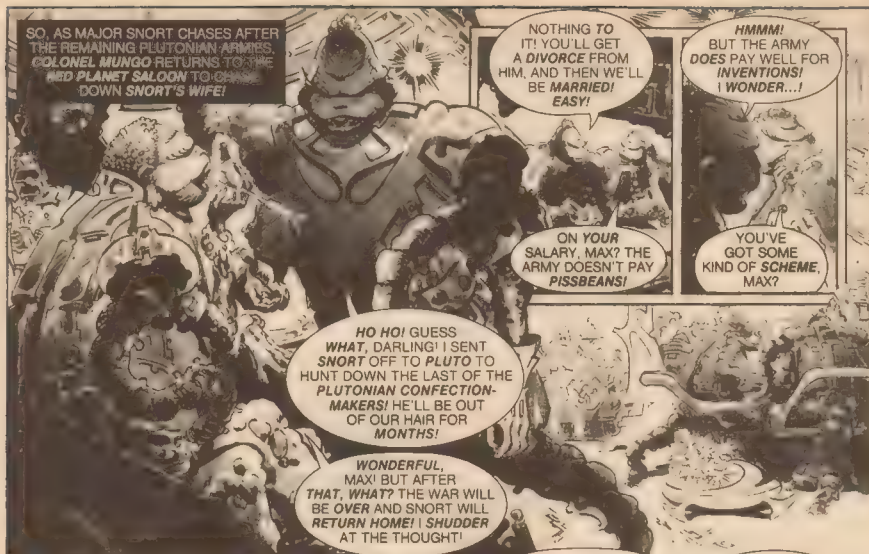
AND HERE'S WHERE MY CYBERNAUTS COME IN!

YOU DON'T LEARN THIS OUT OF MATH BOOKS, SLUT, BABY!

AS PER YOUR ORDERS, COLONEL MUNGO







SO, AS MAJOR SNORT CHASES AFTER THE REMAINING PLUTONIAN ARMIES, COLONEL MUNGO RETURNS TO THE RED PLANET SALOON TO CHASE DOWN SNORT'S WIFE!

NOTHING TO IT! YOU'LL GET A DIVORCE FROM HIM, AND THEN WE'LL BE MARRIED! EASY!

HMMM! BUT THE ARMY DOES PAY WELL FOR INVENTIONS! I WONDER...!

ON YOUR SALARY, MAX? THE ARMY DOESN'T PAY PISSBEANS!

YOU'VE GOT SOME KIND OF SCHEME, MAX?

HO HO! GUESS WHAT, DARLING! I SENT SNORT OFF TO PLUTO TO HUNT DOWN THE LAST OF THE PLUTONIAN CONFECTION-MAKERS! HE'LL BE OUT OF OUR HAIR FOR MONTHS!

WONDERFUL, MAX! BUT AFTER THAT, WHAT? THE WAR WILL BE OVER AND SNORT WILL RETURN HOME! SHUDDER AT THE THOUGHT!

IT JUST OCCURRED TO ME THAT SNORT WILL SOON BE GETTING AN AWFUL LOT OF MONEY FOR THOSE ROBOT PATENTS OF HIS!

AND GOD FORBID, IF ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO THE POOR SCHMUCK, THAT MONEY WOULD GO TO HIS WIFE!

THERE'S ONE THING I KNOW OF THAT WILL DRIVE MAJOR SNORT TO CARELESSNESS!

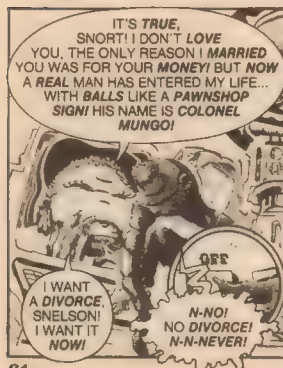
THAT'S YOU, SLUT! HE WORSHIPS THE GROUND YOU WALK ON! AND IF SOMETHING WERE TO DISTURB YOUR RELATIONSHIP, IT WOULD SHAKE HIS WHOLE FOUNDATION!

WELL, FORGET THAT! SNELSON BUCKLES UP A SEAT BELT AT THE DINNER TABLE! HE'S THE MOST CAUTIOUS MAN I'VE EVER MET! NOTHING WILL EVER HAPPEN TO HIM!

NOTHING UNLESS WE CAUSE IT TO HAPPEN!

GO AHEAD! GIVE THE GOOF A CALL! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!

I'M WAY AHEAD OF YOU, COLONEL!



IT'S TRUE, SNORT! I DON'T LOVE YOU, THE ONLY REASON I MARRIED YOU WAS FOR YOUR MONEY! BUT NOW A REAL MAN HAS ENTERED MY LIFE... WITH BALLS LIKE A PAWN SHOP SIGN! HIS NAME IS COLONEL MUNGO!

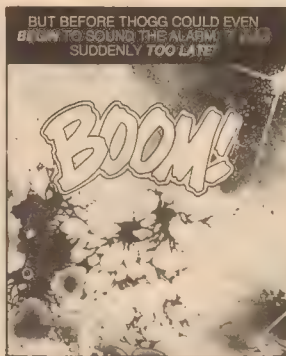
I WANT A DIVORCE, SNELSON! I WANT IT NOW!

N-NO! NO DIVORCE! N-N-NEVER!



MAJOR SNORT! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? THAT'S A HIGH EXPLOSIVE YOU'RE MIXING TOGETHER!

GET OUT OF HERE, THOGG! I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT SLUT! DON'T TRY TO STOP ME!



BUT BEFORE THOGG COULD EVEN BEGIN TO SOUND THE ALARM, IT WAS SUDDENLY TOO LATE!

BOOM!

A WEEK LATER, MUNGO AND SLUT WERE MARRIED IN BRIEF CIVIL CEREMONY!

HAI HAI HAI!  
WE DID IT, BABY!  
WE KNOCKED OFF THAT  
SILLY HUSBAND OF YOURS,  
WITHOUT LAYING A  
GLOVE ON HIM!

IMAGINE!  
THE PEANUT-PRICK  
BLOWING HIMSELF  
UP! PHEW!

ON OUR  
WAY TO HONEYMOONING  
ON EARTH, WE CAN STOP BY  
THE ATTORNEY'S AND PICK UP  
THE MONEY FOR SNORT'S  
INVENTIONS!

RIGHT!  
MATTER OF FACT,  
I'D BETTER CALL THE  
ATTORNEY NOW AND  
TELL HIM WE'RE  
COMING!

HELLO  
AGAIN, SLUT! DID  
YOU FORGET THAT  
WE, TOO, HAVE A  
HONEYMOON  
SCHEDULED?

WAIT  
HERE, MY LOVE!  
I'LL BE RIGHT  
BACK!

HURRY  
ALONG,  
MUNGO

THE  
PLEASURE CRUISE  
TO EARTH LEAVES  
AT THREE, AND I DON'T  
WANT TO MISS  
COCKTAILS!

N-NO!  
SNORT! Y-YOU'RE  
SUPPOSED TO BE  
D-D-DEAD!

SEVERAL MINUTES  
LATER, A FRIGHTENED  
COLONEL MUNGO  
REAPPEARED ON THE  
SCENE!

AH! COLONEL  
MUNGO! NOW THE  
TRIANGLE IS  
COMPLETE!

\*GASP!\*  
S-SNORT! MY GOD!  
WHAT IN THE NAME OF  
REASON IS GOING  
ON HERE?

BLOWN  
UP, IN FACT!  
ISN'T THAT  
WHAT YOU  
THOUGHT?

NO, SLUT,  
MY DEAR! THE  
PEANUT-PRICK IS  
STILL VERY MUCH ALIVE!  
HE FORCED HIMSELF TO STAY  
ALIVE, LONG ENOUGH TO DO  
THIS TO HIS FAITHLESS  
WIFE!

MUNGO TOOK  
ACCOUNT OF THE  
SITUATION QUICKLY  
AND LEAPT FOR HIS  
LIFE!

S-SLUT! NO!  
YOU BUTCHERED MY  
POOR WIFE!

GODDAMN  
YOU, SNORT! YOU  
LOVED HER, TOO! HOW  
COULD YOU \*CHOKE\*  
...DO THIS?



YES! I  
LOVED HER! I HAD PLANS  
TO LAST A LIFETIME FOR  
US BEFORE YOU ENTERED  
THE PICTURE!

I JUST  
MADE SURE THAT  
IF I COULDN'T HAVE  
HER, NEITHER COULD  
YOU!

BUT  
YOU WERE DEAD,  
SNORT! YOU BLEW  
YOURSELF UP IN  
A CHEMICAL  
EXPLOSION!

VERY TRUE,  
MUNGO! I DID  
DIE IN THAT  
EXPLOSION!

KEEPING  
ONLY MY BRAIN  
AND MY HEART AND  
INCORPORATING MY  
CYBERNAUT  
DESIGNS...

ONLY  
PIECES OF ME  
WERE LEFT WHEN  
MY ASSISTANT  
FOUND ME!

BUT HE  
ACTED QUICKLY.  
AND REPAIRED ME  
IN THE ONLY WAY  
POSSIBLE...

HE  
MADE  
ME

...A ROBOT! ONE  
OF THE VERY MACHINES  
THAT WON YOUR WAR...  
AND THE PROFITS FROM  
WHICH YOU AND SLUT  
CONSPIRED TO STEAL!

THIS HEART  
YOU SEE PALPITATING  
INSIDE ME. IT'S SLUT'S!  
I REPLACED MY OWN HEART  
WITH HERS. SO WE COULD  
BE CLOSE AGAIN!

SO, I THOUGHT,  
IF YOU TWO WERE  
SO INTERESTED IN  
THE PROFITS FROM  
MY ROBOTS, PERHAPS  
YOU'D LIKE TO  
EXPERIENCE HOW IT  
FEELS TO BE ONE,  
AS WELL!

WHY  
DON'T YOU COME  
AND JOIN US, MUNGO?  
WE COULD STILL USE A  
PAIR OF BALLS LIKE  
A PAWNSHOP  
SIGN!

NO, NO!  
GET BACK!  
I'M WARNING  
YOU!

MIRACULOUSLY, MUNGO ESCAPED WITH HIS BALLS STILL INTACT! BUT THIS MAY  
HAVE BEEN BECAUSE SNORT HADN'T REALLY WANTED THEM! EVENTUALLY, THE  
POLICE CAUGHT SNORT AND DISASSEMBLED HIS ROBOT FORM, TO PREVENT HIM  
FROM FURTHER KILLING! BUT THEY KEPT THE BRAIN AND HEART ALIVE...  
PROCEDURES NOT BEING VERY CLEAR ON A DISPOSAL MANNER!

TODAY, SNORT'S BRAIN AND SLUT'S HEART CAN BE SEEN IN SUSTAIN  
UNION IN THE RED PLANET SALOON... ONE OF THE MANY CURIOS OF WHO  
BAR BOASTS!

BUT ONE CUSTOMER NEVER RETURNED TO MARS BAR! HE ONLY  
SAW THE HEART AND BRAIN DISPLAY ONCE... WATCHING  
TEARFULLY AS THE BRAIN'S SIGNALS KEPT THE HEART PUMPING  
AND THE HEART KEPT FRESH BLOOD RUSHING INTO THE BRAIN!

FOR MUNGO KNEW THAT  
SNORT AND SLUT HAD  
LONG LAST, BECOME  
...INSEPARABLE!

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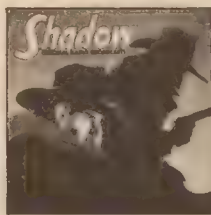
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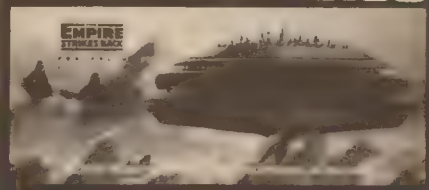


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# FREEFALL

JUST CALL ME SHITHEAD!

THAT AIN'T MY NAME, OF COURSE! ACTUALLY, IT'S **BYRON TALBOT**, NUMBER ONE ON THE F.B.I.'S MOST WANTED LIST FOR **TWENTY-SIX MONTHS** STRAIGHT BEFORE THEY FINALLY NABBED ME!

BYRON TALBOT: CONVICTED OF **MURDER, RAPE, SPACEJACKING, DRUG-PUSHING, WHITE, BLACK AND GREEN SLAVERY**, AND EXPOSING MY PRIVATE PARTS ON A PUBLIC SPACE BUS!

YOU'D THINK THAT A FELLOW WITH A RECORD LIKE THAT'D HAVE SOMETHING ON THE BALL! SO WHY, THEN, AM I BOBBING LIKE A **HUMAN CORK** IN THIS FRIGID, AIRLESS OCEAN OF SPACE WITH A SEVERED LIFELINE, AND EVERY MOVE I MAKE TO SAVE MYSELF DRIVING ME EVEN FARTHER AWAY FROM THE SHIP?

THE REASON: BECAUSE I'M A **SHITHEAD**!

BUT LET ME EXPLAIN FROM THE BEGINNING! I AIN'T GOING ANYWHERE AT THE MOMENT.

IT WAS ON MY WAY TO **SKORNA PIV CAPPA IV**, THE DEATH ROW PLANET... TO BE EXECUTED FOR MY LONG LIST OF HIGH CRIMES ESCORTING ME THERE WERE TWO VETERAN SCREWS AND A **ROOKIE**!

IT WASN'T UNTIL A SCREW BY THE NAME OF **BOB** TOLD ME I GOT TO BE **HOUSTON** FINALLY WHEN I COULD TAKE THE SHIP FROM MY OWN HANDS!

IT WASN'T UNTIL I WAS ALONE, COMPARED TO SOME OF THE OTHER SKIRMISHES I'D BEEN INVOLVED IN DURING MY LONG CAREER.

CHEW ON THIS, F.B.I. BASTARDS!

GAAH! TALBOT'S GOT MY LASER! WATCH OUT!

IT WASN'T UNTIL I SAW A CHUNK OF FLESH HIT MY SHOULDER, AND THE SHIP WASN'T RESPONDING, THAT I HAD LOST THE HABIT OF REGULAR BREATHING.

WITH THE SHIP'S ENGINE I PATCHED WOUND, THEN TURNED TO THE NAV-PANEL TO SET MY NEW COURSE! MY HEART DID A FLIP WHEN I SAW THE CONTROL PANEL GUARDING A LASER-SLAVED BEAR.



RUR

WELL I COULD'VE BEEN  
MILLI SUPER THE SHIP  
FROM THE AUXILIARY  
PANEL

MY WARMUP THE  
MODULE

SYM

THE PROBLEM WAS THE  
STELLAR CONVERTER  
WAS STARTING TO  
OVERLOAD, AND I HAD  
CONTROLS TO

BRT

SERVES  
YOU RIGHT, YOU  
YUM-YUM! TRYING TO  
SAVE A FEW SECONDS BY  
SWINGING AROUND LIKE TARZAN  
ON A LIFELINE, INSTEAD OF  
WALKING ACROSS THE  
OUTER HULL WITH YOUR...

MAGNETIC  
BOOTS?

ONE OF THESE  
BOOTS CAN BE TURNED  
INTO A MAGNETIC ANCHOR!  
GOTTA TIGHTEN THE VAC-VALVE  
ON MY ANKLE FIRST MAKE  
SURE IT STAYS AIRTIGHT!

OVERLOAD  
AREA

JESUS  
CHRIST, TALBOT!  
HOW COULD YOU  
BE SUCH A  
DINK!

OH  
SHIIIIIT!

BUT IN  
MY HASTE  
I FORGOT  
TO SECURE  
THE DOCKING  
MECHANISM  
ON THE AIR-  
LOCK, AND-I

BUT I CAN  
SAVE TIME IF I  
GO OUTSIDE THE SHIP  
AND ADJUST THE PANELS  
MANUALLY!

GETTING A NEW  
SECONDARY  
SUITS UP FOR  
ATTACHED MY  
SPACEWALKING  
TETHER, THEN  
I WALKED OUT  
THE AIRLOCK

SON OF  
A BITCH! THE  
GODDAMN AIRLOCK  
DOOR SHUT BEHIND ME!  
IT SNAPPED OFF MY  
LIFELINE!

OF ALL  
THE DUMBSHIT  
THINGS TO DO! I GOTTA  
FIGURE A WAY OUT OF THIS  
FAST OR WE CAN WRITE  
OFF THE REST OF MY  
SEMI-BRILLIANT  
CAREER!


EXPOSURE'LL  
COST ME THE FOOT,  
BUT THAT'S STILL A  
DAMN SIGHT BETTER'N  
DYING OUT HERE  
IN SPACE!

COMMUNICATOR'S  
NO GOOD OUT HERE!  
NOBODY LEFT IN THE SHIP  
TO HEAR ME! BUT THE  
WIRING CAN BE  
TURNED INTO A  
LENGTH OF ROPE!

567 >

STUJWXY 01234567





GOTTA BE  
VERY CAREFUL! NO  
JERKING MOVEMENTS! IF I EVEN  
SO MUCH AS FART IT COULD  
ALTER MY TRAJECTORY  
ENOUGH TO MISS  
THE SHIP!

ONE  
SHOT ONLY!  
HAVE TO TRY AND  
LASSO THE SOLAR  
ANTENNA!

HOT SHOT!  
I HOOKED IT!  
AND THE MAGNETISM  
IN THE BOOT SOLE  
WILL KEEP IT  
ANCHORED  
THERE!

SHIT!  
THE WHOLE SHIP IS  
SHIFTING AS I  
PULL MYSELF  
IN!

GOTTA GO  
EASIER! CAN'T  
AFFORD TO BE  
IMPATIENT NOW...  
NOT WHEN I'M  
SO CLOSE!

WHEW!  
MADE IT. JUST  
BY THE SHORT HAIRS!  
AIR'S NEARLY  
GONE!

A COUPLE  
SECONDS MORE AND I'LL  
BE INSIDE THE AIRLOCK!  
THEN I'LL REALIGN THE SOLAR  
ANTENNA FROM INSIDE. LIKE  
I SHOULD'VE DONE  
TO BEGIN  
WITH!

ONLY  
SECONDS MAY  
BE LEFT BEFORE THE  
SHIP IS BLOWN UP! IF THE  
HULL HAS HEATED UP, I'LL  
KNOW THAT I JUST DID  
ANOTHER DUMBASS  
THING!


REALIGN  
THE SOLAR  
ANTENNA...!?  
OH FUCK!

I... I THINK  
I SHIFTED THE SOLAR  
ANTENNA CLOSER TOWARD  
THE SUN WHEN I PULLED MYSELF  
IN! IF I DID, AND IT **REFOCUS**ED,  
THE ENERGY WILL RAPIDLY  
**INTENSIFY**, PUSHING THE  
CONVERTER ALL THE WAY  
OVER TO **MAXIMUM**  
OVERLOAD!

OUCH!

LIKE I SAID JUST  
CALL ME SHITHEAD!

**ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S**  
**PSYCHO**



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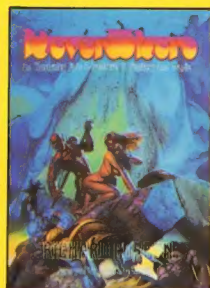
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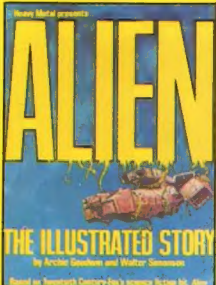
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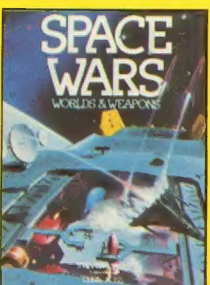
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